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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Piloting Children to Safety at a Crowded New York Crossing
Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by W. R. Leigh

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

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Thursday, August 4, 1904

A Clean Sweep for Roosevelt, and Why.

IN ONE RESPECT there was a resemblance between the Charleston convention of 1860 and the gathering of the same party in St. Louis in 1904. In each there was a fierce fight (on slavery in the earlier case, and on the finances in the later one) between antagonistic sections of the Democratic party. In that at Charleston the leading spirit of the marplots was William L. Yancey, of Alabama, the chief spokesman of the extremists, and "morning star of secession." In the St. Louis convention the radicals were led by Bryan, the Nebraska populist. In each convention there was a good deal of passionate talk, Glenn, however, of Mississippi, doing most of the pyrotechnic oratory in Charleston; for, although there was fire in Yancey's words, his delivery was good and his general demeanor when speaking was as suave as that of Edward Everett, his Massachusetts silver-tongued Whig contemporary.

The point of difference between the two conventions was that the radicals at Charleston were beaten and bolted, while at St. Louis they fought a drawn battle (they failed to get silver recognized, but they knocked out gold) and remained. Efforts were made between the bolt at Charleston and the meeting of the conventions which put up separate candidates by the Northern and Southern sections of the party to bring the two sections together, but these failed and Breckinridge headed the Southern Democratic ticket, while Douglas became the nominee of the Northern element.

But here again comes in a resemblance between the two cases. The effort at conciliation in 1860 came to nothing, and that in 1904 promises to have a like result. Technically there will be but one Democratic ticket in 1904, as compared with two in 1860, but Bryan's attack on Parker personally since the convention, for getting the nomination by what he called "crooked and indefensible methods," and his warning that immediately after the election he would begin to organize for the campaign of 1908 on other lines than those adopted in St. Louis, show that in reality the Democracy will be split in 1904 if the Nebraska marplot can split it. If his talk for the platform in the present campaign has any influence at all it will be adverse, for he has denounced the candidate as vehemently as has any Republican. There are tens of thousands among the Nebraska populist's followers in the West who will either vote for Watson, the populist candidate, or support Roosevelt in order to make sure that the majority against Parker shall be heavy.

In reality there will be two Democratic parties in 1904, although, unlike the Charleston case, there was no "walk-out" in St. Louis. The rural Democracy of the West is solidly against Parker and the gold standard which he fastened on the platform by telegram after the convention had knocked gold out of the platform. Once more the Democracy is a house divided against itself. Again the Democratic party is hit by the irrepressible conflict.

In 1900 the Nebraska spellbinder carried only four States outside of the old slavery region. These were Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and Nevada. All these have been carried by the Republicans since that year except Nevada. But when each candidate stands for the

gold standard Roosevelt's personal popularity will turn the scale in Nevada against Parker's lack of popularity. The Republicans will make a clean sweep in the West in 1904, and will probably hold all, or nearly all, they had in the East in 1900.

Are College Presidents Pessimists?

WE HAVE been impressed this year, as never before, with the pessimistic note pervading many of the baccalaureate sermons preached during the recent commencement season. It is, no doubt, wise and proper that young men and women entering upon an active career after a college course of several years should be duly impressed with the seriousness of life, with the hard problems of modern civilization, and also to some extent with the perils, pitfalls, and peculiar temptations incident to social, political, and industrial conditions at the present time. But to emphasize these things to the neglect of the brighter and more hopeful aspects of the present age, to dwell upon the perils of the time and say nothing of its promises, to magnify the errors, the evil tendencies, the wrongs and injustices apparent in modern society, and give no heed to the splendid possibilities and the inspiring and magnificent achievements of the age—such utterances, it seems to us, at such a time, are most inopportune and unwise.

Thus we find Dr. Schurman, the president of Cornell University, bewailing the "profound unrest" prevailing in the world to-day, and expressing it as a matter of doubt "whether the ancient landmarks will not be removed and the ancient moorings loosened." President Hopkins, of Williams College, declares before his young hearers that American wisdom is unripe; that as a people we are lacking in thought, poise, and dignity; that we are "more attached to expedients than to principles, preferring action to thought; and our generation, so full of life and movement, appears at times to be bound nowhere under full sail." Dr. Henry M. McCracken, another venerated scholar, improves the occasion of his baccalaureate to attack us again for our "commercialism," while yet another professes to see in prevailing indifference in politics and religion one of the great perils of the immediate future. President Raymond, of Union College, deplors the power of corporations and the apparent decline in a government by the people, and the president of Vassar points out the unhappy fact that "some of the Northern States have grown in illiteracy."

Without questioning the truth of all these representations or the sincerity of those who made them, we do question the wisdom and propriety of such utterances before audiences made up of young men or women gathered under circumstances when their minds are specially susceptible, and the natural tendency to look upon life with hope and enthusiasm very great. It seems to us at such times that words that cheer and inspire ought to be spoken, and not those that darken and depress.

There is little danger that young men and women starting out in life will be overstocked with self-confidence, with ardor and enthusiasm. Such excess of these things as they may have, if any, will soon enough fade away before the realities met in the struggle for existence. More people, we are certain, fail in making the most of themselves, in deriving the largest advantage from their natural gifts or from the learning acquired in schools, through excessive modesty, through an underestimate of themselves and their powers, rather than otherwise. Egotism and personal vanity often make their possessors ridiculous and offensive, but even such traits, disagreeable as they are, are preferable to that degree of self-depreciation, timidity, and forcelessness of character which leads men and women to submit weakly to the first adversity that crosses their path, to bow without a protest to every tyrant who sways a rod over them, and to cringe and crawl through all their lives.

Few things are more important and valuable in the equipment of character, few things have so much to do with the achieving of success in any calling or profession, as a belief in one's self. Many men and women have been doomed to a life far below the level of that for which they were naturally fitted, to a discouraged, fruitless, wretched existence, simply because they have been impressed in their childhood by parents, teachers, and often by preachers, with the belief that they were nothing but "worms of the dust"; because they were taught that aspirations to rise above their station were foolish dreams, and that submissiveness to circumstances, no matter what they might be, was the first law of existence. Under such teaching in the home and the pulpit, impressed at the outset that they were born to be nobodies and that it was a sin to try to be anything else, it is not surprising that many thus taught should sink to the level of servile and spiritless drudges, never realizing their own gifts and powers, without initiative, never venturing, never daring anything in their own behalf, at the foot of every ladder, at the call of every master, the submissive and unprotesting creatures of every untoward circumstance.

It is not by the men and women thus taught and of this spirit that the world's great work is done; not by these that States are governed, armies led, commerce established, and the human race uplifted to higher and nobler levels of thought and action. Not by these, the hesitating, the weak, the cowardly, but rather by the men and women who, in the spirit of Emerson, take up the tasks of life in the strong and confident belief that what other men have been able to do they can do; that the Almighty is no respecter of persons in natural endowments; that no ages and no individuals have a

monopoly of gifts, graces, and powers; that all wisdom did not die out with Socrates, nor all genius with Shakespeare.

The Plain Truth.

THE LATEST city to be struck by the anti-gambling crusade is Memphis, Tenn., and the stroke has been hard and apparently effective. The movement in Memphis has been backed by a "committee of fifty" prominent citizens who, acting with characteristic Southern vigor and thoroughness, have raided every gambling den in town, seized the roulette tables, faro boxes, and other gambling devices, and dumped them into the Mississippi River. The committee also claims to have discovered that an understanding has existed between the city officials, including the mayor and the chief of police, and the gamblers, whereby the latter were permitted to pursue their business and make a division of the profits. Public feeling against the gamblers has been further aroused by the murder of two deputy sheriffs engaged in a raid upon a gambling joint, and the prospects are good that these outrages and the disclosures of police connivance together will result in such a "house-cleaning" as Memphis has not had in many a year. The hopes and best wishes of all law-abiding people everywhere will be with the Memphis citizens who have undertaken this task.

WITH THE increase of such popular amusements as are afforded by "loop-the-loop" contrivances, evolutions on parachutes, animal-show exhibitions, and yet newer and more ingenious arrangements for catering to the "rage for risk," comes the demand from another section of the public, where more temperate and saner ideas prevail, that something shall be done by legislation, if necessary, to limit these exhibitions of human daring within the bounds of something like a decent regard for safety. Possibly, if the only persons who engaged in these performances and risked their limbs and lives, either for the mere "fun of the thing" or for business purposes, were adults, or men or women of the professional class, no protective measures would be necessary; but since innocent children of tender age and giddy youth of both sexes are beguiled into these same dangerous sports, to be maimed for life or killed outright, it seems imperative that the law shall step in and draw the line beyond which these schemes for imperiling human life shall not go. There still exists, we are sorry to believe, a considerable fraction of people, even in this enlightened land, who are but little above the level of the Romans of ancient days in their taste for vulgar and brutal shows.

SOME ONE complains in a contemporary because the American people display so few pictures of the immortal Washington. There is justice in the complaint, and in this connection it is a curious fact that under certain circumstances it is a misdemeanor to display a picture of Washington in Massachusetts. In the recent amateur photographic contest in the Fourth-of-July number of a prominent American paper, one of the entries was a photograph of a little child holding a United States flag, decorated with a beautiful picture of Washington. The publisher was promptly informed by a Boston society, organized to protect the American flag from defacement, that the publication of the flag with Washington's picture upon it was a violation of the Massachusetts statute and would subject the paper to seizure and confiscation if an attempt were made to sell copies containing the portrait on any news-stand in Massachusetts. If anything more ridiculous could be conjured up in the name of patriotism, we would like to know it. Evidently the days of the blue laws of New England have not passed. We recommend to the distinguished and able Governor of Massachusetts that he put a little of his own native common sense into the statute, whose purpose was proper, but whose intention is being so perverted as to make it absolutely ridiculous.

AMONG THE excellent addresses delivered before the National Editorial Association, at its annual meeting at St. Louis, it is not invidious to say that none contained more striking and original thought than that of Dr. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education*, on "New Responsibilities of Journalism." According to the speaker, there are three distinct classes of Americans—first, those at the top, who, by fair means or foul, get there or die in the attempt; second, those at the bottom, who, because they cannot get at the top, are against all who do; third, the common people, "who have too much self-respect to be disreputable and too much common sense to pose as thoroughbreds." The responsibilities of journalism, in Dr. Winship's view, relate chiefly to the well-being of the third class, the common people. To enthrone these, to do for them what the state, the school, and the church have failed to do, is the opportunity now before journalism. The rule of things in politics, society, and religion rests by right with the common people; "humanity's future for good or ill depends upon the triumph or defeat of the effort to evolve the common people," and it is the chief duty of the public press to aid the latter in their struggle with the aristocracy above and the slum element below, and thus help to bring them fully to their own. The instincts of self-preservation alone, if there were no other or higher motives, should prompt the press to do this, since it is upon the patronage of the common people, who constitute the great mass, that the reputable press must depend for its very existence. They furnish both the readers and the advertisers.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

NOT A LITTLE of the enthusiasm manifested in the protracted applause which followed the nomination of President Roosevelt by the



J. HENRY SMYTHE, JR.,
young Philadelphian who led the applause for Roosevelt at the national convention.

Rev. Dr. Smythe, president of the Sunshine Publishing Company, of Philadelphia. He aspires to become a politician, and, although only twenty years old, he hopes to take an active part in the national campaign of this year. His appearance before the big audience in the Chicago Coliseum was deliberately planned by him, but it was a surprise to the officers of the convention. If the strategy and boldness of his debut be reliable signs of success, young Smythe bids fair to mount high on the political ladder. He is bright and intelligent above the average of his years. In his own city he is well known as a chess player, being the champion of the Gambit Club, and excelling in simultaneous play, frequently winning games from as many as twelve opponents at one time.

CHAMP CLARK, of Missouri, who was temporary chairman of the recent Democratic National Convention, is an irrepressible story-teller, a good one, too, and the wonder is that he got off his speech at St. Louis without interlarding it plentifully with that class of jokes of which he has an apparently inexhaustible fund. The occasion was evidently too gloomy even for Champ. As an evidence of his peculiar gifts as a humorist, an experience of the honorable member from Missouri in New York a few years ago may be cited. He was invited to speak one evening before the Quill Club, a prominent literary and social organization of the metropolis. His appearance was awaited with considerable misgiving by the more conservative members of the club, who had been prejudiced, perhaps, by newspaper stories concerning Clark's proclivities. But his speech was a success from the start. It was so good, in fact, and tickled the club so mightily with its wit and humor, that when the original twenty minutes assigned for Clark's effort was up he was urged again and again to "go on" until his time had been lengthened to considerably over an hour. It was unanimously declared to be the wittiest address ever delivered before the club. Mr. Clark is a frequent contributor to the columns of the newspapers. The name Champ, it may be well to add, is an abbreviation of Beauchamp, the change being made by Mr. Clark himself, it is said, because there was "too much poetry" in his full patronymic.

IN COMMON with most editors, Mr. L. William Hones, of the Roscoe (N. Y.) Review, is a man of



MR. L. WILLIAM HONES,
A New York editor who strongly resembles President Roosevelt.

introduced to President Roosevelt not long ago by a friend as a man who resembled him, the President looked at Mr. Hones a moment and then said to the friend, with a laugh: "You flatter me." However this may be, Mr. Hones has never allowed this accident of physical similitude to another man to deflect him in the least degree from the path which he has marked out for himself as the editor of an enterprising and progressive country newspaper. Mr. Hones is a native of Brooklyn and the son of a missionary. He had a theological training himself and has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Roscoe for years, adding to this, in 1899, the editorship of the Review. Under his vigorous management the Review has gained

the reputation of being the best paper in Sullivan County. Mr. Hones has also been a leader in public affairs in his section and has served a term as supervisor of Roscoe. He is also a member of the executive committee of the State Press Association. The good-roads movement has had in Mr. Hones an ardent advocate, and through his personal efforts and those of his paper he has been chiefly instrumental in introducing an improved system of highways in his own town.

THE FIRST correspondent to lose his life in the war in the far East was an American, Mr. Lewis



MR. LEWIS G. ETZEL.
An American war correspondent who was shot and killed by Chinese soldiers.—Panama.

Shwantai-tse and Erdico the junk was surrounded by boats manned by Chinese soldiers disguised as bandits. Without warning they opened fire. Mr. Etzel, who was below, writing, looked out, and received a frightful wound in the head from which he soon expired. Brindle was unhurt and the Chinese fled. Mr. Etzel was born in Butler, Penn., in 1868, but had not been in this country for the last ten years. He participated in several daring exploring expeditions in the East Indies and later, in 1901, with Russell Harrison, son of President Harrison, he penetrated some of the wildest jungles of Borneo. At the time of the Boxer uprising he was in Tien-Tsin, and was one of the civilian defenders of the city. He later accompanied the troops of the allies to Peking and did remarkable journalistic work. Afterward he was ordered into Manchuria with a "roving commission." Mr. Henry B. Miller, the American consul at Newchwang, investigated the killing of Etzel, reported that it was unwarranted, and the Chinese government paid 25,000 Mexican dollars as indemnity.



GOVERNOR ODELL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR,
Conversing, on the veranda of the New York building, with Mrs. Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, a State commissioner.

ONE OF THE recent noteworthy events at the St. Louis exposition was the formal dedication of the handsome New York State building, with Governor Odell, who made the address of acceptance, as the most conspicuous figure of the occasion. The Governor went to the world's fair directly from Chicago, where he had been most influential in shaping the action of the Republican National Convention. He spent a number of days in St. Louis, and besides inspecting the buildings and the exhibits, he was an honored guest at various official receptions, dinners, and other functions. The Governor enjoyed his little vacation thoroughly, and expressed himself as greatly impressed by the magnitude and the beauty of the exposition. On this point he is quoted as saying: "The fair is wonderful. It is worthy of being seen by every New Yorker. I think the attendance from the Empire State will be particularly large in the fall." The Governor also said that he found the weather comparatively cool at St. Louis and the hotel accommodations ample. These remarks of the Empire State executive will go far to counteract the misrepresentations that have been made in certain quarters regarding the fair, and should result in an increased attendance.

IN THE hurry and rush of this busy age the person with an exceptionally good memory has become

something of a rarity. Certain professors of mnemonics display prodigious powers of retention, but too often these are not natural but have been built up laboriously, and are of little practical use. An individual with a phenomenal natural gift for memorizing is a refreshing marvel. One of this class, who gives only the assumed name of "Datas," lately arrived in



"Ddatas,"
The former day laborer, whose marvelous memory has brought him success as an entertainer.

New York City from England. His particular forte is the remembrance of dates. Every date he has ever read or heard he can instantly recall. He can tell off-hand the year, the day, and often the hour when any important event took place. He is a living encyclopedia from which can be learned at once the exact time when any great man was born or any battle, calamity, big sporting contest, or important historic action occurred. A fire of questions does not daunt him. As a ready means of reference he would be invaluable in a daily newspaper office. As he now steadily increases in knowledge his memory is growing vaster in its scope. Until three years ago "Ddatas," who has had no school education, was a stoker in a London gas-house. His remarkable gift was discovered by some strangers at a café, and this led to his engagement at a theatre. Since that time he has been a public entertainer, astonishing crowds with his memory and pleasing them with his knack at repartee.

ESTIMATES OF the character of the late ex-President Krüger, of the Transvaal republic, differ widely, ranging all the way from those who regarded him as an ignorant, narrow-minded bigot, a miserly, corrupt, and tyrannical personage, to those who declared him to be a man of lofty and benevolent aims, a lover of liberty, and a genuine patriot. In the midst of the conflicting testimony regarding his public career as a whole, and the prejudices and animosities engendered by his action in the later years of his government of the Transvaal, it is practically impossible at the present time to arrive at a just estimate of Mr. Krüger's character. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two extremes of which we have spoken. We do not believe that he was a corrupt and self-seeking man; neither do we believe that he had the breadth of view, the loftiness of aim, the intellectual grasp, nor the nobility of character to qualify him as a safe and wise leader of his people and the builder of a prosperous and successful state. We believe that it will not take many years to prove to the citizens of the former Transvaal republic that they are infinitely better off under the liberal and progressive rule of Great Britain than they would have been had they remained under the sceptre of Oom Paul.

LAFAYETTE YOUNG, who delivered the chief

oration at the St. Louis exposition on the Fourth of July, has been editor of the Des Moines Daily Capital for the past fourteen years, and is an orator of much note in the West. Mr. Young nominated Theodore Roosevelt for the vice-presidency at the Philadelphia national convention in 1900. He had been selected to name J. P. Doliver, of Iowa, for the honor, but changed his speech at the last moment so as to name Roosevelt, the Iowa candidate having withdrawn. At the recent Chicago convention Mr. Young was a prominent figure and delivered one of the addresses at the Auditorium mass-meeting held the night before President Roosevelt was nominated. Mr. Young served twelve years as a member of the Iowa State Senate and four years as State binder. He is now prominently mentioned for the governorship, to succeed Governor A. B. Cummins. During the Spanish war, Mr. Young accompanied General Shafter in the operations before Santiago, where he won the title of colonel. On his return he lectured on "Personal Observations in Shafter's Campaign," being quite a favorite with Chautauqua audiences. Mr. Young was the leader of the stand-patters in Iowa, winning a notable victory over the "Iowa idea."



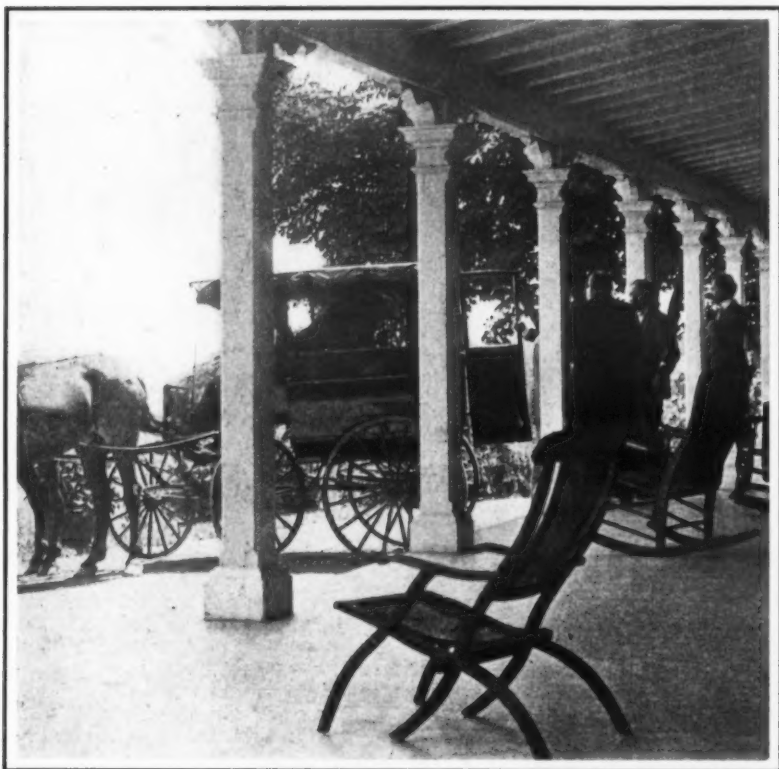
THE HON. LAFAYETTE YOUNG,
Prominent editor and public man, and leader of the "stand-patters" in Iowa.



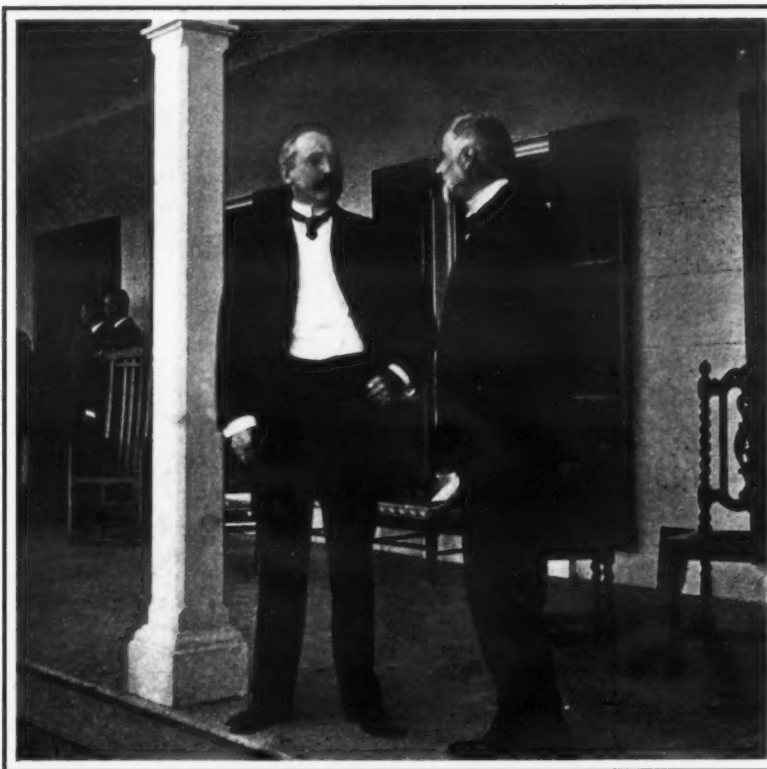
THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES FACING THE CAMERISTS ON THE LAWN AT ROSEMOUNT.



JUDGE PARKER'S ATTRACTIVE GRANDCHILD TAKING A "JINRIKISHA" RIDE.



EX-SENATOR DAVIS'S ARRIVAL AT ROSEMOUNT FOR HIS FIRST MEETING WITH JUDGE PARKER.



HOST AND GUEST AFTER THE EXCHANGE OF CORDIAL GREETINGS.



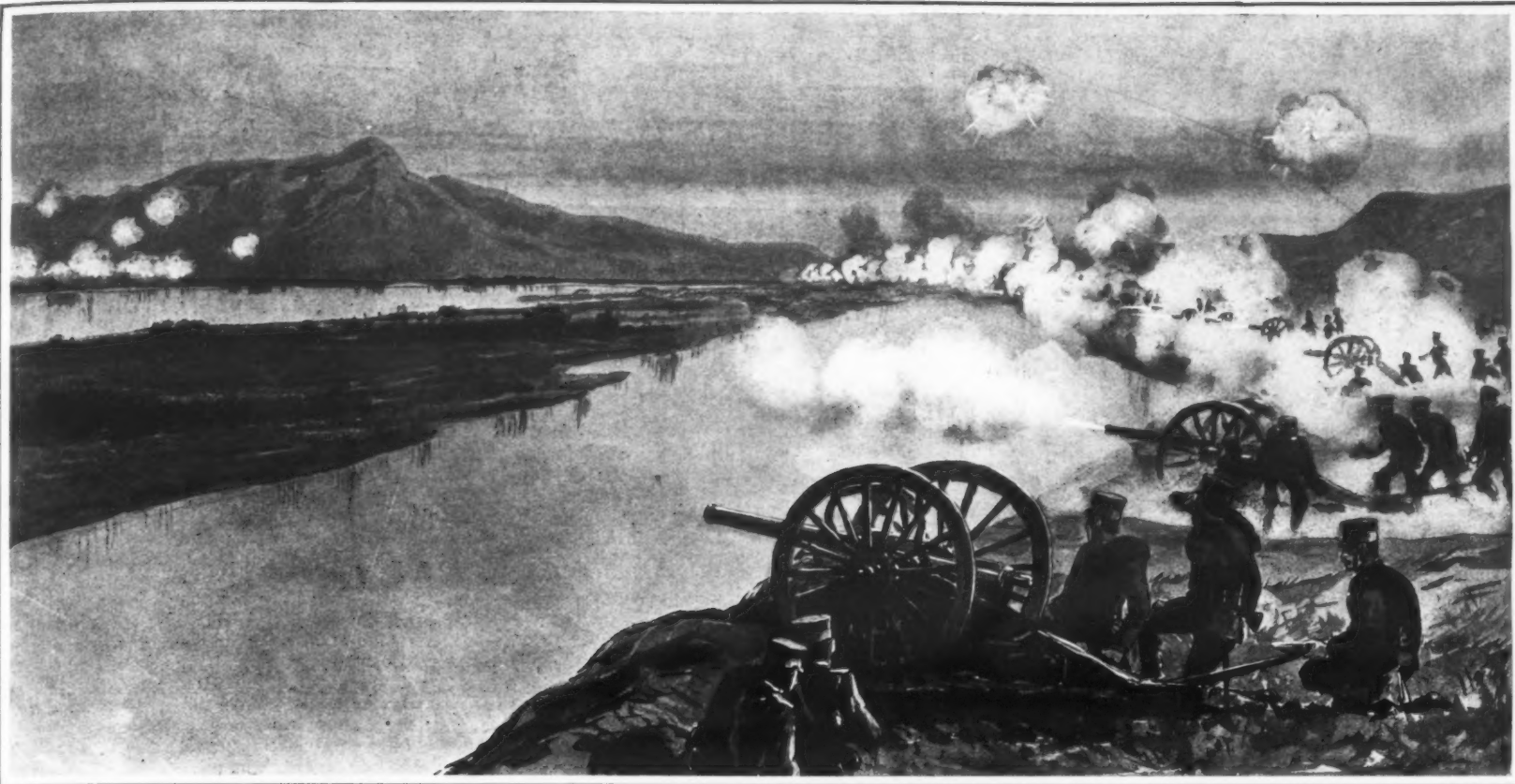
DELIGHTFUL VIEW OF THE HUDSON FROM THE PARKER HOME, SHOWING SUMMER-HOUSE IN WHICH THE CANDIDATES SAT AND TALKED.



REPORTERS SURROUNDING AND INTERVIEWING JUDGE PARKER (SECOND FIGURE FROM LEFT).

FIRST MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL NOMINEES.

PLEASANT SCENES AT JUDGE PARKER'S ESOPUS HOME WHEN THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT RECEIVED HIS RUNNING MATE, EX-SENATOR DAVIS, OF WEST VIRGINIA.—From stereographs, copyright 1904, by H. C. White Co.



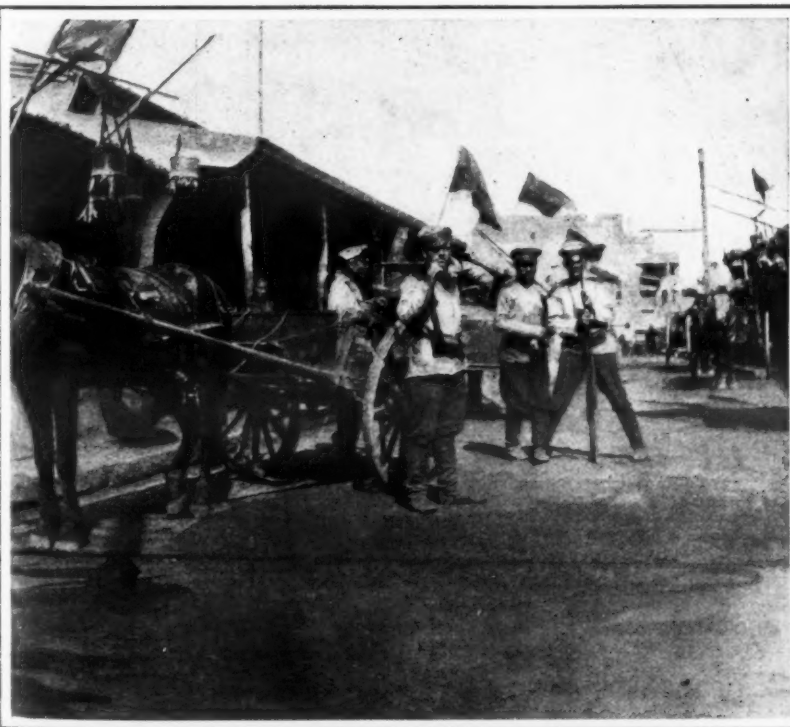
JAPANESE QUICK-FIRING GUNS SHELLING WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT THE HEIGHTS OCCUPIED BY THE RUSSIANS AT THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE YALU.
Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by T. Ruddiman Johnston, our artist in Japan.



FIELD TELEGRAPH SUPPLIES FOR THE JAPANESE FOURTH ARMY CARTED TO THE RAILROAD STATION AT TOKIO.—*Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by R. J. H. Mittler.*



CANNON FOR THE FOURTH ARMY, AT THE STATION IN TOKIO, READY FOR SHIPMENT.
Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by R. J. H. Mittler.



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS, WITH FIELD TRANSPORT CART, PREPARING TO LEAVE NEWCHWANG BEFORE THE RECENT JAPANESE ADVANCE.—*Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by H. Frankel.*



AN OMEN OF THE FATE OF THE RUSSIANS—BIG BEAR CAPTURED BY CHINESE IN MANCHURIA AND PRESENTED TO THE JAPANESE OFFICERS.—*Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by T. Kato.*

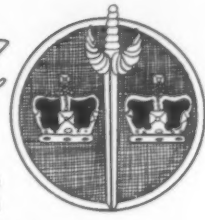
JAPAN'S TRIUMPHANT CAMPAIGN AGAINST RUSSIA.

TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT OF THE RUSSIAN TRENCHES NEAR THE YALU, AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE CONFLICT.



The War and Peace Courts of Europe

By Gilson Willets, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly



LONDON, June 15th, 1904.
NEVER IN history have the monarchs of Europe been so much "on the go" paying visits to one another. This is because every holder of a throne is making the most desperate effort to convince his fellow-rulers of his friendship, and to convey assurances of having no intention of joining in the struggle in the far East. Those monarchs who cannot journey to other courts in person are sending princes of the blood-royal as representatives.

Thus to-day the Archduke Frederick, of Austria, is in England; the brother of the King of Denmark is en route for London, and the King of Spain is coming soon. The King of Sweden is visiting the Emperors of Austria and Germany; Loubet, of France (though not included as a monarch), has returned from a visit to the King of Italy, while the Italian King is soon to visit Germany. The King of Denmark is visiting Germany and Austria, and the King of Sweden is hobnobbing with Francis Joseph. Meantime, half the royal families of Europe are preparing to go to Belgrade, to be present at the coronation of King Peter, of Serbia.

Hence, there's a tremendous lot of royal and imperial kissing all round, and every crowned head is making a splendid bluff of loving his neighbor crowned head as his very self. All because of the various alliances, or break-up of alliances, resulting in general ignorance as to exactly where lies the balance of power.

I have been to Brussels, Paris, and Berlin, and in each place I found the social and diplomatic atmosphere full of floating stories of visiting royalties, and of stories "touchin' on and appertainin' to" the same. There is a human element in some of these stories of the people who wear crowns that will make them interesting to the most republican and most democratic readers of LESLIE'S.

It is said that King Edward's real object in visiting Kiel (where he is supposed merely to watch the yacht races) is to exercise a personal influence on his nephew's present irritable disposition, and to show him that speeches such as those the Kaiser has recently directed against France are out of place at the present moment, and may lead to most harmful results. In other words, any old thing to keep peace for England. Meantime, Queen Alexandra stays at home, makes collections of Irish-lace fans, dines at the back of her box at the opera, and encourages native workers by opening an exhibition of home arts and industries. She herself exhibited at the industrial show a book-cover, designed and painted by herself, symbolical of "The Christian Year." At that same show, a little girl, while looking at the Queen, said: "Mother, why don't she wear her crown?" "Ask her," said the mother, impatiently. Whereupon the child ran away from the maternal skirts right up to the Queen and repeated her question. The Queen leaned down, patted the girl on the head, and said: "Speak louder, my dear. You know, I'm stone deaf."

Not long ago, her Majesty (and the King, of course) dined with the most popular American in London—namely, Ambassador Choate. The dinner took place at the embassy, and it is said that her Majesty on that occasion laughed more heartily and more continuously than she had ever been known to do before. Why? "Because," said my informant, "Mr. Choate is the wittiest and most brilliant conversationist among all the diplomats in London. Moreover, Choate looks just like a Britisher. As a rule an American is as easily distinguished from an Englishman as chalk from cheese. This is not so, however, in the case of Choate, who in appearance far more resembles John Bull than Uncle Sam. He's jolly well liked here, you know."

In Paris I learned many new things about that "newiest" of monarchs, the Kaiser. I was shown a new book by M. Henri de Nussanne, giving an intimate picture of the German Emperor, and stating that Wilhelm II. often visits Paris incognito, adopting an ordinary name, and staying at one of the hotels in the centre of the city. On one of the occasions of his Majesty's visits he was recognized by a journalist at the moment of his departure at the railway station. The journalist approached the august presence and, with the confidence born of his profession, said: "Sire, what about the far East war?" There was a movement among the passengers, the intrepid interviewer was swept away, and he saw the man with the ordinary name no more. "Thus," says the writer of the new book, "we were saved an international incident." In Berlin they told me that many touches in the graphic portraiture of the German Emperor given by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton in her new book, "Rulers of Kings," are due to information supplied by a versatile American journalist who, not long ago, was denied further entrée to the German imperial court because he presumed upon his friendship with the Kaiser to drum up trade for an American insurance company among those of the court circle.

The very day of my visit to Berlin the Kaiser accomplished three important things. He finished an opera in collaboration with a great Italian composer, acted as dancing-master, and preached a sermon. The opera is named "Roland of Berlin," and in it are whole scenes (words and music) by the many-sided genius of

the court of Berlin. As for the dancing-master episode, his versatile Majesty, during a court ball given that evening, perceived an officer go wrong in the minuet. Whereupon his Majesty took the officer's place and sent word to the leader of the band to begin again the measure he had interrupted. "Watch me well, and benefit by the lesson," he said to the officer; and then his Majesty went through the dance to the end. Then the sermon. It was at the confirmation of the two eldest sons of the Emperor. The Kaiser preached impressively to the royal candidates and to the distinguished congregation. Among the things he said were: "My boys, don't be a copy of others." "Emulate Christ only." "I desire to impress upon you the greatest Christian duty, namely, work." "Do not be driven about by every wind of doctrine." "Now let me relate to you my own personal experiences. You will find, as I have found in the midst of a responsible, strenuous life, that everything depends upon the position you assume toward your Lord and Saviour. That is the pivot upon which all human life turns." Such were the words of the war-lord at the head of the most pro-war court in Europe.

Her Majesty, the Kaiserin, the wife of the war-lord, is about the only anti-war resident of the German court. She is the gentlest of women. One day last week she was driving through a principal street of Berlin, when the royal coachman nearly ran over a child. Her Majesty called upon the coachman to halt, got out, and helped to extricate the child from the hoofs and wheels, scolded the footman for nothing in particular, then inquired the name and address of the child, and drove away. In the afternoon the royal footman appeared before the child's mother, presented her with a substantial purse, and with sundry sweets from the royal table for the frightened child.

After entertaining his uncle, King Edward, the Kaiser will receive King Victor, of Italy, who will return the Emperor's recent visit to Rome. This visit of Victor's will precede a most interesting incident scheduled by the stork to happen at the court of Italy during the early summer. The event is awaited with intense interest by watchers of the political sky in Europe, as the King and Queen of Italy have as yet two daughters, but no son.

Meantime, as a souvenir of her own recent visit to London, the Queen of Italy this week sent to the daughter of the lord mayor of London, Miss Ritchie (otherwise the lady mayoress), a gorgeous diamond brooch. This incident is cited by politicians as just one of the hundred and one "bouquets" that are being handed around just now by every royal family in Europe to the members of every other royal family and to the heads of governments, as part of the bluff for friendship and peace, until the monarchs know "who's who" in the far-Eastern problem. And more of the same. As soon as President Loubet of France returned from his visit to the King and Queen of Italy he sent a huge box of dolls and playthings to the two little daughters of the Italian royal couple, together with an enormous dolls' house, representing the interior of an old Norman homestead. The little princesses are now playing with their French dollies—and English politicians construe the trivial circumstance to mean that France wishes Italy to be content with domestic affairs, and to stay out of the far-Eastern brawl.

And Austria! As the near relative of the Emperor Francis Joseph is now in London as the guest of the King, a number of stories of the Austrian ruler have come to my ears. One of the most human of these stories tells how the Emperor sometimes rebukes his officials in a fashion that may be looked upon as practical jokes. A short time ago Francis Joseph noticed that the roads were in bad condition, so he sent a message to the official responsible for said roads, saying that in a day or two a royal carriage would be sent to bring the official to the palace. On the day appointed, the royal coachman, who had his orders, drove the official over the worst roads he could pick out, going at full gallop, with the result that the official was splashed from head to foot with mud. At the palace he apologized profusely for the condition of his clothes. "That's nothing," said the Emperor; "every time I go out for a drive I return with my clothes in that condition." In a few days' time that official had put the roads in perfect order.

And Portugal, the country from which King Edward recently returned. The King and Queen of little Portugal are one of the most devoted royal couples in Europe. They have two very lively sons, and when King Edward arrived in Portugal he made their acquaintance thus: Red baize was laid down from the landing-stage to the King's yacht, but this proving to be nearly three feet too short, a Portuguese flag was added to cover the gap. When the King disembarked he was saluted by the remark, in a boyish voice: "Look out!" The King "looked out," and immediately perceived that the youthful admonition meant that he should look out for the flag of the boy's country. With ready tact the King saluted the national emblem at his feet and walked on one side of it, to the evident delight of the royal youngsters.

And Holland! I tried hard to get a photograph of Queen Wilhelmina and her husband, taken together, but found that any such photograph that ever existed had been suppressed by royal command. The reason

for this is that this couple make a most gawky appearance when photographed together, and the young Queen knows it. The Queen, by the way, is not only suffering from an abscess in the ear, but her general health is broken. Her complexion is sallow, while that of her subjects is proverbially ruddy; and she walks with a distinct stoop of shoulder, like one suffering from a mysterious bodily ailment. An amusing story is told of Wilhelmina, on the occasion of her recent visit to a model kitchen in Amsterdam. She tasted some food, much to the delight of the cook. "And where do you keep your provisions?" the Queen then asked. "Here, your Majesty," said the cook, throwing open the door of a huge cupboard. But just then the Queen gave a little gasp of surprise, for inside the cupboard stood a man. The cook was accused of hiding her "beau" thus, but she denied the accusation, confessing, however, that the man was a reporter for an Amsterdam newspaper, who had secreted himself in the cupboard in order to give a verbatim account of what the Queen said. Her Majesty laughed at the incident and remarked merely that she would like the enterprising reporter to send her a copy of the paper containing his story.

This same Queen is an enthusiastic farmer. So is her husband. In connection with their royal castle at Loo they have established a model dairy. It is run on business principles, large quantities of milk being sold regularly and with profit. Another hobby of Wilhelmina's is photography, and, like Queen Alexandra, of England, she is an expert snap-shooter. One day Wilhelmina saw a peasant woman carrying a baby and wearing a picturesque national costume. The Queen didn't like to ask for the privilege of taking the picture of the mother and baby offhand, so she got out of her carriage, petted the baby a while, then kissed it. The mother was so evidently delighted that the Queen then asked permission to photograph her. "A thousand pictures, your Majesty," replied the woman. Together with Holland, Belgium "cuts no ice" in the far-Eastern problem, of course; but just the same the crown prince of Belgium and his princess are shortly to be received in London with all the honors bestowed upon any of the representatives of the great Powers.

All this time those in the literary circles of London, Paris, and Berlin are talking about the doings of another "Queen of no account politically." This refers to the Queen of Roumania, who has given up her castle on the Rhine to be a home for poor and aged writers who cannot keep themselves—poverty and good personal repute being the only qualifications necessary to enable them to go to the castle and live there free of all charge the remainder of their lives. It is a commodious and picturesquely situated castle, replete with modern comforts. The privileges of the "home" are extended to male writers of any nationality.

And Russia, the direct cause, so far as Europe is concerned, of all the exchange of royal visits, royal presents, royal bouquets, and royal bluffs. The Russian court may be said to be the least warlike of any court in Europe. The Czar abhors war. The Czarina loathes war. The Dowager Empress hates the very word, war. The Czar has recently celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday, and, as a diplomat in London said, the celebration was a "lugubrious affair." For a monarch who abhors war and yet finds his country actually at war, what must be his condition of mind? Well, since his ministers regulate affairs in his name, and as he is a very human man after all, he must amuse himself with human accomplishments. He has long been known as a composer of music, but there is an irony of fate in the fact that his latest creation is entitled, "Song of Peace." Another composition of the Czar's is a "Spring Song," which also breathes the spirit of peace. He is also an accomplished violinist, and possesses the most magnificent collection of violins in the world next to the collection owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, the sugar-trust king, of New York. He has composed several pieces for the violin, one of which was played at a recent concert at his palace. The Czar is said to be terribly depressed and desirous of abdicating. But now that his country is in trouble, he simply must "stay put" on the throne until the war is over. And there's the question of who is to succeed Nicholas. It has been a bitter disappointment to the nation that no son has arrived to succeed the Czar.

The most interesting representative of Russia in London to-day is the sister-in-law of King Edward, the widowed Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who is here to get the King's sanction to the marriage of her daughter, the Princess Victoria, to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, the latter being known to every American as the young man who survived the disaster to the battleship in which Makaroff was lost. This affair is the talk of the London drawing-rooms, as being the most dramatic and most romantic love affair of an international character now before the public. Princess Victoria, whom the Grand Duke Cyril wishes to marry, was formerly the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse. She secured a divorce from Hesse on the ground of incompatibility. Then Cyril came forward, and they fell in love at first sight. But neither the Czar nor King

Continued on page 114.



KAISER WILHELM'S SIX SONS AND HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.—*Schaarwachter.*



GERMANY'S FAMOUS WAR LORD AND HIS EMPRESS.—*Lindner.*



CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA AND THEIR FOUR LITTLE DAUGHTERS.



CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF BELGIUM WHO LATELY VISITED KING EDWARD.—*Gondstikker.*



QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND AND FOUR OF HER GRANDCHILDREN.—*Morgan.*



WILHELMINA, THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF HOLLAND.—*Wegner & Wlotter.*



CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK, RECENTLY GUESTS OF KAISER WILHELM.—*Elfeldt.*



QUEEN OF ITALY AND THE TWO PRINCESSSES ROYAL.—*Gingoni & Bossi.*

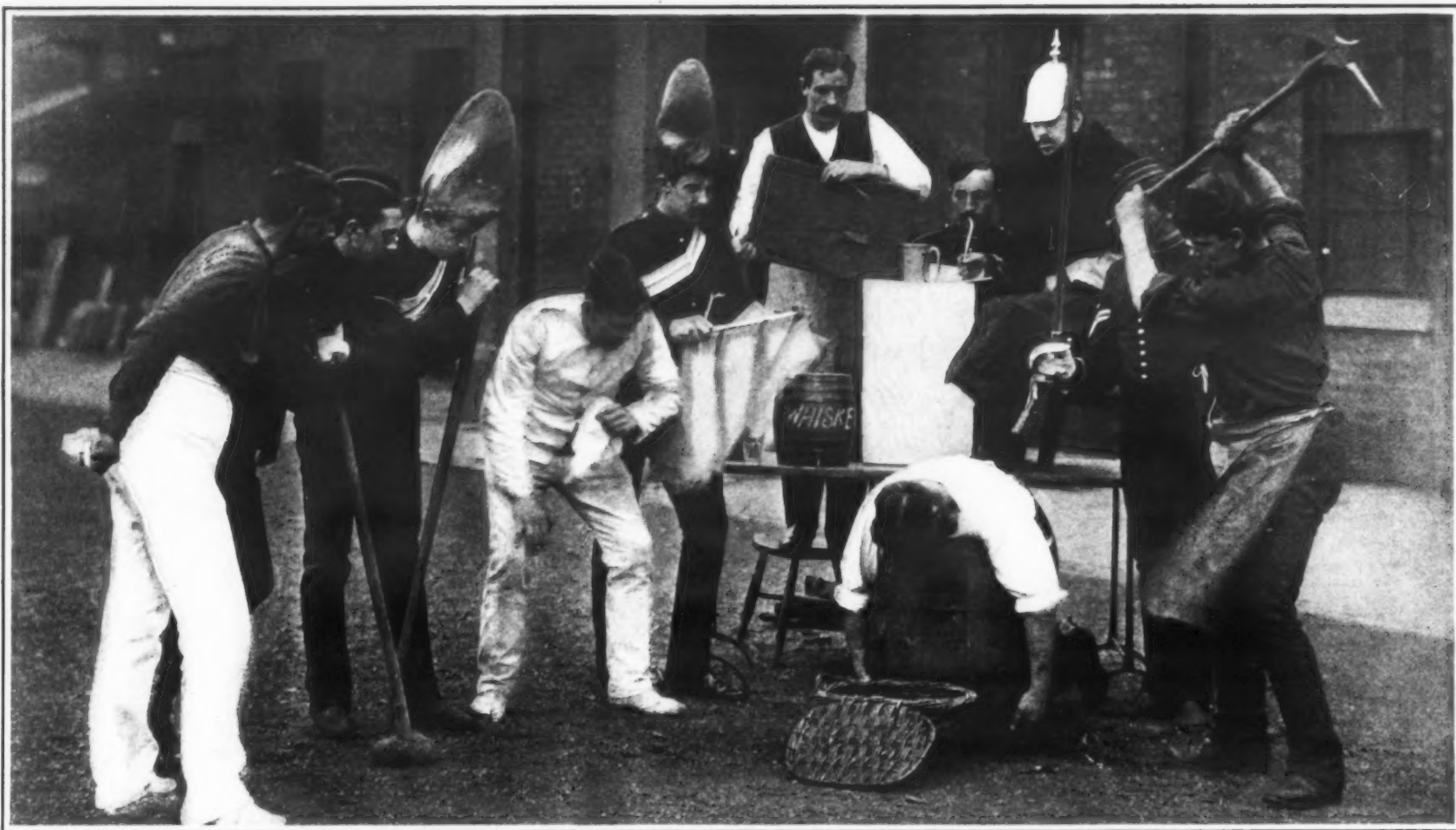


YOUTHFUL KING OF SPAIN AND HIS MOTHER, THE FORMER QUEEN REGENT.—*Franzen.*

MEMBERS OF THE CHARMED ROYAL CIRCLE OF EUROPE.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF WEARERS OF CROWNS, AND OF THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NOTED RULERS.

See opposite page.



FUN-LOVING TOMMY ATKINS IN HIS LEISURE HOURS.

MOCK EXECUTION OF A SOLDIER OF THE LONDON GARRISON, FOLLOWING A DRUM-HEAD COURT-MARTIAL.

How I Found a Cook.

I HAD JUST discharged my cook and dropped into Mrs. Worker's apartment on the floor below to tell her about it. Mrs. Worker did most all of her own work, "because she was so tyrannical she could not keep servants," so Mrs. Dolittle said, but I always found her very good-natured and industrious, besides being deeply sympathetic. She greeted me this morning with the cheery, contented laugh that only the prosperous and happy housewife can know. With the air of a queen she pulled down her rolled-up sleeves and buttoned the cuffs at the wrist.

"I just met your new cook," said she, "going out with a suit-case as I was coming in from my mail-box. She was muttering something to herself about you, and as she turned her face toward me I could see that one eye was nearly closed, with a large purplish bruise about it. Her lips were cut and swollen and she was generally disfigured. What on earth can be the matter?" went on Mrs. Worker, in her usual good-natured manner.

My dreams about good servants had been dispelled and my good ship of hope was wrecked in an ocean of helplessness. When I first began housekeeping, a few years ago, I had thought to sail merrily along on the domestic sea, stopping here and there at all of the attractive and comfortable ports, free from the responsibilities of a captain. But how stupid of a housewife to think she can keep house without worry and more or less physical culture, for which she does not get even the wages of a servant.

I could see the light in Mrs. Worker's eyes softening to kindest sympathy, and I am sure I could see a twinkle of envious admiration now and then, as she pressed me for an answer to her question.

"Well, Mrs. Worker, it is just this way. I told the second girl to tell the cook that I wanted her to bake a dozen loaves of bread for the neighborhood day nursery and she frankly told the maid she would not do it. The maid said she would do it, and Mary called her a liar, whereupon Lizzie, the maid, forcibly applied her fists to Mary's face, with results as revealed to you. Now I am without a cook and Lizzie is so angry because I commissioned her with an order for the cook that she has given in her time, so I shall be without a servant in the house before to-morrow night."

"Sister of indolence!" exclaimed Mrs. Worker. "What else could you expect, after such seeming indifference to your own household discipline? Any self-respecting cook would resent an order given in such a careless manner. I should think your husband would be wholly and absolutely permeated with the curse of domesticity and your friends be uncomfortable in such an atmosphere of bad housewifely discipline," continued Mrs. Worker, while the light came and went in her beautiful eyes, as she realized I was taking her little lecture as she meant it.

I sighed and drank deeply of her meaning. Perhaps I appeared a bit silent and glum, in the presence of such a stern rebuke, for how can one enjoy the spices of life and be tied down to housework, or the thought of it?

"I have never been accused of being a thrifty housewife, and Jack says I consider him barbarous if he asks me to even O. K. the monthly bills."

A rising, indignant jealousy seized me as I thought of Mrs. Worker's monopoly of happiness, when she arose, saying:

"My husband will be at home for supper within the hour, and I must hasten to prepare one of his favorite dishes, but I will be glad to have you come into the kitchen with me."

Envy was surging high in my heart when a brilliant idea came to me. I would show Mrs. Worker that I could prepare as nice a supper for my husband as she could for hers, so I hurried home to find my last maid waiting for her money. I gave it to her, and when she had closed the door behind her I put on her apron and took possession of my kitchen. I was never so happy in my life and felt a thrill of devotion for my husband I had never felt before as I placed his well-cooked supper before him. When he put my face between his hands and kissed me with all of the tenderness and appreciation of a loving husband I felt amply repaid for the effort, besides realizing that I held the key to the servant situation in my own hands.

DEBON AYR.

New York's Summer Visitors.

IT IS A fact, strange as it may appear, that hundreds of thousands of strangers from the South and West make it a practice every year to spend their vacation days in New York City, in the height of the summer season, when most New Yorkers are talking about running away to the mountains and the seashore. It is also a fact that an increasing number of New Yorkers, year by year, remain at home, enjoying the comforts and luxuries of the great city, and submitting to occasional hot waves rather than to endure the hardships of travel or of cramped and crowded quarters in summer hotels. And thus it happens that the visitors and the stay-at-homes combined keep many of New York's hotels comfortably filled during the warmest days of summer, especially those magnificent hotels of fire-proof construction whose upper floors are nothing less than roof-gardens, because of the superb sweep of fresh, cool air which they constantly enjoy, no matter how hot the pavements and the streets underneath may be. New hotels, like the Gregorian, on West Thirty-fifth Street, located in the heart of the most attractive section of the city at night—that is, around Herald Square—take special pleasure in catering to summer visitors. Strangers in New York in summer, as well as the home-stayers, have special enjoyments which only the warm days provide, namely, attractions of the various comfortable and entertaining roof-gardens, the near-by seashore resorts, where one can enjoy an evening, for instance, at Manhattan Beach, listen to a concert, witness Pain's remarkable fireworks display, attend the beach theatre that follows, get a dip in the surf, and return to New York at an hour in the night when the comforts of its coolness are best enjoyed. There are many far less attractive summer resorts than New York City and many far more expensive. Washed on one side by the waters of the ocean, and on the other by the Hudson River, the island of Manhattan has a very comfortable summer temperature, as compared with that of our inland cities, and only during protracted heated terms do its people severely suffer, and such periods are rare.

Is American Society Too Decent?

WE ARE quite prepared to endure such criticisms as those recently leveled at American society by a noted Italian artist and a popular woman novelist of the day, to the effect that we are a prudish people, over-nice in our ideas as to the proprieties of life; that our literature is "timid, anæmic, and bourgeois," and suited, apparently, more to the tastes of Sunday-school children than to grown men and women. We may overlook the fact that the criticism of the Italian artist in question, a sculptor of considerable eminence, was provoked by the rejection by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of a piece of his workmanship, on the ground that it was immoral.

Considering the amount of caloric in the Italian temperament, it is not surprising, perhaps, that this action by the museum should have provoked an outburst on the part of the sculptor thus scorned, in which American artists are characterized as wall-builders and "canvas daubers," and our public monuments as "vulgar, awkward, void of meaning or virtuosity," and furthermore, that they "smell business thousands of miles away." As for the novelist mentioned, who, by the way, is a California woman, it is the burden of her complaint that American writers are under the constraint imposed by certain social canons, making it necessary that nothing shall be written that might distressingly affect "the nerves of sensitive ladies." "It is this curious shrinking from the larger life," says this writer, "that is most characteristic of what at present stands for American literature."

Such criticism, as we have said, may be received with equanimity, and, perhaps, even with a sense of pride and self-congratulation, since, if it has any basis in truth at all, it means that the American people, as a whole, are in favor of decency in both art and literature; that they are opposed to having on the walls of their public art galleries and in their home libraries the products of so-called genius which tend to pollute the imagination and degrade the morals of the young. It is our glory and not our shame that our literary standards have been set for us by poets and romancists like Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Cooper, and Irving, none of whom ever wrote a line that could not be read to an innocent and pure-minded child. French fiction of the Paul de Kock school would no doubt have more of that "richness, vividness, and audacity of thought" which the novelist mentioned seems to think is a lacking quality in American literature; but such literature, even when supplied in small quantities by Walt Whitman, has never been popular in America, either in its original form or imported, and we may be thankful for the fact.

If this argues a lower level of public taste than the taste of France and Italy, let it be so. We are open to reproach of the same kind on the ground that we do not observe Sunday as it is observed in continental Europe. But we can easily endure such reproach. It is better to be Puritanic than Parisian in our moral standards. Purity of life and thought is more to be desired even than the cultivation of a taste for art and literature of a type which contaminates and defiles the many, although it may work no harm to that favored class who worship "art for art's sake." This phrase has been made the cloak for too many literary sins.



MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY READING IN THE SMALL LIBRARY.

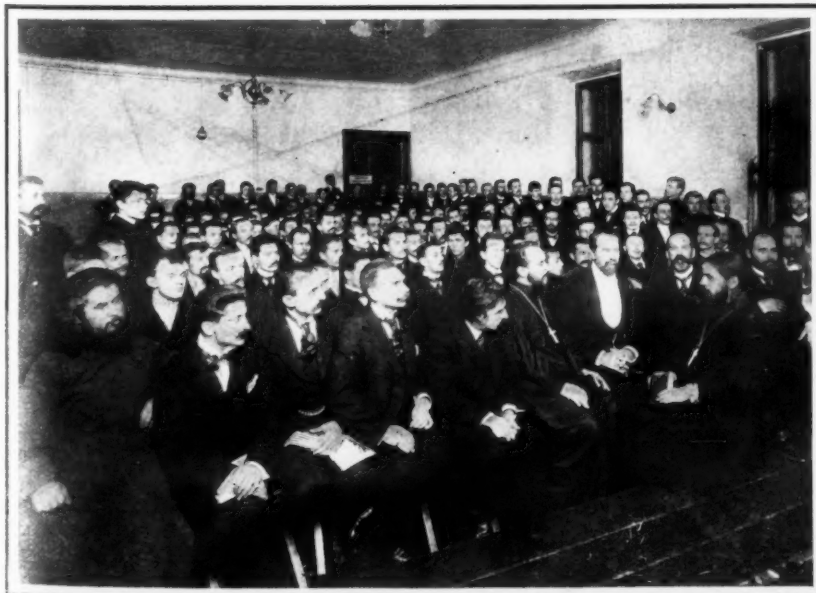


THE BUFFET, WELL PATRONIZED BY THE MEMBERS.

MR. JAMES STOKES,
Of New York, who has given the society \$50,000
for a new building.—*Rockwood.*



ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION, WITH ITS HEAD, THE PRINCE OF OLDENBOURG (IN UNIFORM), IN THE FOREGROUND.



YOUNG MEN'S RELIGIOUS MEETING, WITH RUSSIAN PRIESTS IN EVIDENCE.



DEVOTEES OF PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE GYMNASIUM.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSSIAN Y. M. C. A. IN ST. PETERSBURG.

GOOD WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE MORAL IMPROVEMENT OF YOUNG MEN, TO WHICH MR. JAMES STOKES
HAS GIVEN \$50,000.—See page 114.



Without care, and free to hurry,
Either North, East, South, or West;
Like the birds we flit and curvy
Only straws enough to nest!

—From a song of the tramp.

ON THE afternoon of July 9th, 1901, west-bound freight-train No. 61, I believe, on the Omaha division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, drew into Coon Rapids, Ia., somewhat late. But a few minutes were lost, therefore, in shunting a line of empty cattle-cars and starting on again. It was due to this lack of time, incidentally, that instead of boarding an empty stock-car unobserved, I swung on the bumpers of an ordinary box-car, riding in plain sight of brakemen passing overhead. Before long we were speeding down grade in a wild roar of wheel and rod. All at once then I heard a shout, and, over my head, clinging to a brake-rod, squatted a sooty brakeman. He sang out: "Where you going?"

"Omaha," said I.

"Give me a dollar, then."

"Say, Jack, I've got only half a dollar to my name. That's every cent."

"All right; give me that."

I gave it to him, and he shouted: "Jump off here at the next stop, boe, and get into an empty stock-car up ahead."

Undoubtedly, almost any hobo might relate an endless number of such experiences; at all events, west of Chicago. Certain it is that many freight-train brakemen in the West make a business of taking tramp passengers for nominal fares. Generally the sum appears to be a dollar a division. As in the case just cited, one is sometimes able (if he be without conscience) to beat the brakeman down half a dollar. Nearer the Rocky Mountain region, where railroads are few and far between, and trains are guarded correspondingly closer, these brakemen, however, strictly enforce their tariff schedule. This, of course, provides passage in a box-car, or cattle-car only, although occasionally an additional sum will give better service. At Cheyenne, for instance, brakemen offered cushioned seats in a caboose for two dollars a passenger. In Indiana, this same summer of my discontent, a one-time freight brakeman, whom I have every reason to believe, told me: "Our conductor oftentimes told us that if we didn't collect enough money from hoboes to take the whole crew to the theatre at Chicago he'd have new brakemen on the run back!"

Of the 10,000 tramps said to be riding the railways, and the 10,000 waiting to ride every night, not all, therefore, may be regarded as altogether stealing their passage. No doubt a large proportion travel without consent of railway-company agents, and at times in the face of determined opposition. Nevertheless, there are frequent opportunities for riding unmolested, not only in side-door sleepers, as box-cars are commonly known, but on even the finest of express trains. One way whereby the tramp may so ride is by working his passage on an engine-tender. In exchange for mileage he shovels coal; or, he may simply break the larger lumps so that the fuel will feed easier. In

the West I have ridden both freight and passenger trains this way, and fellow-wanderers have told me of similar experiences. On all these occasions the tramp passenger needs keep out of sight of other railway employes, both at stations and on passing trains, for such bargaining naturally is contrary to rules of good railroading. At such times the tool-box on the engine-tender does very well for hiding purposes.

Notwithstanding a certain lack of excitement herewith, this unmolested riding occasionally offers the moneyed traveler a rude shock. At Omaha, in July, 1901, I fell in with a vagabond who was in the act of reciting an entertaining, if not agreeable, such experience. He was a man of hardly middle age; unkempt, but with an eye to some comfort, nevertheless. In western Iowa he had boarded a freight train heading for Omaha, surrendering a fee of twenty-five cents to a brakeman, who thereupon carefully tucked him away in the bowels of a new harvesting-machine. Safely under cover, Jack, taking advantage of the subdued light, stretched out as best he could for a nap. He soon fell asleep, and when, a few hours later, the same train pulled out of Omaha for the West, he was still lost in sleep. He slumbered undisturbed until the train drew up on a siding at Lincoln, Neb. All being very quiet when he awoke, he supposed he had reached Council Bluffs, for he had only twenty-five miles to go. So, climbing out of the machine into a lonely railroad yard, he asked the first man he met the shortest way to Omaha Centre. "He points across lots, fifty-five miles east," Jack told me. "Well, until I reads the sign at the railroad station, I can't believe it; and then I'm so disgusted with myself that I marches square up to the agent, and pays good money for a first-class ticket to Omaha!"

It is only under the head of stolen passages, however, that the riding, from what I observed, is at once exciting and dangerous to an extreme. The willingness of the tramp passenger to swallow dust and cinders, if he may only ride, opens to him a variety of footholds. There are brake-beams, trucks, and connecting-rods, any one of which he may use in case he fails to stow himself away in a box-car. Once seated on truck beams, or rods underneath a car, the hobo is out of reach of brakemen until the next stop, and then his best resort is in hiding behind a water-tank or a neighboring car. Necessarily, in this tramp railroading, the choice of passage depends upon a number of things; as instance, the railroad itself, the starting point, the weather, the time put aside for the journey, and finally the man himself. As any one might fancy, there is a difference in railroads; no well-seasoned hobo would attempt the Pan Handle road, when on the other hand the same points are touched by the Wabash system. Small towns preclude jumping on express trains. Chilly nights and winter days make outside riding dangerous, if not impossible—at least, in places that require a good hold for safety, as on the rods, etc., in which case numbness might prove fatal. Again, all other things being equal, express trains, either passenger or freight, are better than accommodation trains, or way-freights. Finally, in the tramp

class there are men who will venture on slow freight trains only, while others will ride day and night, risking limb and life on the swiftest transcontinental expresses. On our plains of magnificent distances, these faster trains are much preferred on account of their greater speed and the fewer number of stops. Still, it may be noted, trainmen keep a sharper watch on these very trains, which carry the mails and the express packages so much sought after by train robbers. It is noticeable also that immediately following such a robbery this watchfulness is doubled, and the riding of tramps consequently harder, since frequently these train robbers board trains in the guise of tramps.

Of the feats done by tramps on railways, none, I believe, excels in daring that known in the vernacular as "decking a train." To deck a train one rides on top of the cars—a sleeper, preferably, since the method is one employed only at night. Its great advantage over other positions is that here the tramp traveler may squat undisturbed at all stops. Flat on the car top, on the darker side of the station, he usually escapes detection; more often, at any rate, than the man who dismounts at every station. Once on top, therefore, it may be an all-night ride; for the only men whose eyes fall on these car roofs in the course of regular business are those who once in a while refill the ice-water tanks, which oftentimes open on the roof. Either the vestibule work on the end sleeper or the step-ladder on the engine tender will serve as a stepping-stone to the car top, although there are men nimble enough to scale the height from a vestibuled platform. In any case, the successful rider needs move quickly and unobserved, mindful all the time that one misstep may mean death by the wheels. On deck the passenger finds security in clinging, perhaps, to a small gas-pipe—not unlike a fly on the back of a trotter—exposed to burning cinders, a wind of hurricane force, and the fatal swinging of curves. On these same fast trains, as well as on slower "passengers," tramps ride "blind-baggage" day and night. To go blind-baggage is to ride the front end of a baggage-car, which ordinarily has a platform but no doorway. With the end of the car thus built solid, hobo travelers on the platform have an excellent lounging place, out of immediate sight of engineer and fireman, and yet affording all the beauty of fleeting landscape without any of the inconveniences of an over-crowded day-coach.

Since this platform, however, exposes the passenger to view of station officials, and of all trainmen at times, this riding of blind-baggage requires some ability both in mounting, dismounting, and finally in dodging. Of course the one idea is to keep out of sight, so far as possible, of all trainmen. In boarding a train, therefore, the rider first takes up a position near the waiting engine, on that side of the train which is away from the railway platform. Consequently the long line of cars shields him from the eyes of station officials and other trainmen thereon. A water-tank, a shed, or an idle freight-car, will afford him shelter enough until the wheels begin to turn. Then,

Continued on page 114.



ALTON PARKER HALL, AGED FOUR, GRANDSON OF JUDGE PARKER.



MRS. MARY L. PARKER, JUDGE PARKER'S ESTIMABLE WIFE.



MARY MCALISTER HALL, THE JUDGE'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF JUDGE PARKER'S FAMILY.

THE WIFE AND THE TWO LITTLE GRANDCHILDREN OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.



HORRORS OF THE DEFENSE OF DOOMED PORT ARTHUR.

MIKADO'S TROOPS STORMING OUTLYING RUSSIAN WORKS, WHERE TERRIBLE HAVOC WAS BROUGHT BY A POWERFUL NEW EXPLOSIVE FIRED FROM JAPANESE GUNS.

Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by T. Dart Walker.



LEGAL ADVICE FREE FOR THOUSANDS OF NEW YORK'S POOR



THE PLAN of an organization for the purpose of supplying legal services free of cost to the poor who are rich in trouble, which was put into effect in New York City twenty-seven years ago and has since grown enormously in scope and efficiency, has been adopted in other large cities of the country, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia among them, until it is now becoming as proper for a large centre of population to be provided with its Legal Aid Society as with its public hospitals.

The fundamental purpose of the laws is, I believe, to protect the weak against the strong. But there are hundreds of thousands whose weakness and helplessness is so utter that they cannot avail themselves of the protection which the laws should give. It seems to be a flaw in the fabric of government, and this is the defect which the Legal Aid Society—to the extent of its capacity—seeks to mend. Human nature is faulty, and the powerful are too quick to take advantage of the helpless. Any one of the 165,000 cases which this society in New York has conducted during its life would illustrate this, for the principle of all is much the same, no matter what the circumstances. I was told of one case, an outrageous imposition which was attempted upon an old negro washerwoman by an insurance company, an instance which very plainly and emphatically illustrates this point.

The old woman was a relic of slavery days, her back bent with the hard labor of a lifetime, her face seamed, and her hair silver. She lived in a cellar under a big West Side tenement-house, with a little daughter, a very Topsy of a girl, frolicsome and happy; and the pretty clothes, the gay ribbons and the flouncy dresses of this child told that there was love and pride in the old mother's toil. It was her very devotion to her daughter that prompted old "mammy" to take out two insurance policies—one a life and the other an accident policy. Every week she paid her dues on these policies to a man whom the insurance company sent to make collections.

This insurance business is very extensive among the poor, and there are companies which give hundreds of policies in very small amounts, collecting the premiums weekly from the small wage-earners. The sick-benefit for "mammy" was four dollars a week, which was about equal to her earnings at the wash-tub. And when she fell ill in her dark cellar-room one day, and was no longer able to go out and wash, she was filled with anxiety about her little girl. Then, suddenly, she thought of her policy—she had almost forgotten about it—and her anxiety was turned to comfort and satisfaction. She was unable to read or write, but her daughter, who was in school, sent a postal-card to the company, saying that her mother was ill and that they would like to receive the sick-benefit.

There was some delay, and then an answer came that the card would not receive attention because the number of the policy was not given. The child examined the papers—very formidable and intricate they were—and sent another card to the company, complying with its demand. After that there was more delay, and then one day a man called who said that he was an examining physician for the company. He stood at the doorway of the cellar, asked a question or two, spoke about the weather, and departed. Another delay, and after it a letter from the insurance company, saying that the sick-benefit would not be paid, because the holder of it was suffering from an affliction that exempted the insurance company according to the "third clause" of the policy. The disease mentioned was in some respects a constitutional one, which could not be detected without a careful diagnosis. This had not been made by the doctor who had stood at the door and remarked about the weather; and besides, "mammy's" physician, a young negro, had told her that her sickness had been a severe attack of grip.

Without an opportunity to earn money the old mother's funds soon became low and her anxiety augmented her sickness. After two weeks she arose, pale and tottering in her weakness, and climbed to the room of the Legal Aid Society, on Tenth Avenue, in what is called the "West Side" of New York City. She had heard of the society through a friend, and, driven by want, she overcame her timidity, the fear and awe of her class for the dignity and formalities of the "law," and told her story to the society's attorney. An investigation, which confirmed to the letter everything that the old mother had said, was made by this lawyer, who was abundantly prepared with evidence should the case get into court. But it never went to trial, for when the agents of the insurance company found that all the facts were in the hands of their opponents, they settled out of court, giving old "mammy" the eight dollars which she claimed for the two weeks' sickness. It was a fortune for her, and I am certain that little Topsy wore a new ribbon to school next day.

The Legal Aid Society, of New York, according to its constitution, was organized "to render legal aid, gratuitously if necessary, to all who may appear worthy thereof and who are unable to procure assistance elsewhere, and to promote measures for their protection." The money to carry out this purpose comes largely from wealthy lawyers of the metropolis, others

By Harry Beardsley

philanthropically disposed being also among the contributors for the support of the institution. The society has four offices in the city. One of these is on Broadway, not far from the financial district and only across the street from the post-office. Another is near the Battery, convenient for the seamen, who avail themselves of it; a third is in the Ghetto, on the East Side, in the centre of the thickly populated Jewish tenement district; and the fourth is in the tenement district of the West Side.

The Broadway office is the headquarters, where there are three lawyers. At each of the other places are two attorneys. All of the lawyers are paid a salary by the society, and give their entire time to its work. The person seeking legal advice goes to one of these offices and encounters first a clerk, who is there to hear the complainant's story. Frequently the matter is so simple that it is not deemed necessary to do more than advise the complainant that he has no case. For instance, there are many who, having been summarily discharged by their employers, seek compensation and revenge through the Legal Aid Society. Frequently these have no legal ground of action, and to be told as much by the representatives of the society saves the expense of a consultation or engagement of a lawyer and the prosecution of a fruitless suit. More than a third of the cases undertaken and disposed of at the various branches of the society involve differences between employers and employees over wages.

In 1903 the society gave advice and aid to 18,469 persons. Of these, 7,701 were in trouble over wages. In the great factories and shops, where employees are paid by the week or do "piece work," contentions constantly arise over the amount due them. The wage-earner makes a complaint at a branch of the Legal Aid Society, and a letter is written to the employer, telling of the claim and asking him to appear before the society and answer the charges. Often a compromise is effected between the "boss" and the worker through the society's efforts, an understanding established, peace secured, and a suit in court avoided.

Each applicant who is able to do so is required to pay a fee of ten cents to the society before the complaint is heard by one of the lawyers. This is actually a retainer, and is designed, so the members of the society say, to make the complainants feel that they have thereby acquired rights; that they are not objects of charity. In one year, 1903, these fees amounted in the aggregate to \$1,274.65; showing that 12,000 of the 18,000 clients of the society for that year were able to pay the fee, and that 6,000 were so poor that they could not afford even the expenditure of ten cents. The society has another source of income. Ten per cent. on all amounts exceeding five dollars collected for clients by the society is paid to the society's treasurer. From this source the treasurer's fund was increased in 1903 by the addition of \$3,150.97. And the total expenses were near \$21,000. The society collected for its clients in sums smaller than five dollars a total of more than \$28,000. And this sum repre-

sents the mitigation of a vast amount of suffering. At almost any time of day, at any one of the offices of the society, a number of waiting men and women may be seen, with care and anxiety written on their faces. Frequently the rooms are so crowded with applicants that many of them must wait long for their turn at the desk.

Almost invariably they are poorly clad. Some of them have pitiful tales to tell. I saw a sickly, starving woman totter to the desk and tell the clerk there that her husband had left her to starve as she lay on a bed of sickness. Another woman told of the theft of her children. Many came to tell of troubles and unhappiness in their homes. The pessimist would find much to confirm his theories of mankind at the offices of the Legal Aid Society. In one year, 1903, cases of this sort, all put down under the heading of "domestic difficulties and non-support," were 1,225 in number. The society had twenty-nine breach-of-promise cases on its list in one year. Of seductions there were twelve cases; of false imprisonment, six. And the services of the society were given to people of sixty-three different nations of the world. Of these, 4,393 were Americans; 3,415 Germans; 3,375 Russians, including the Russian Jews; 1,808 Austrians, and 1,597 Irish. Two of the clients of the society were American Indians who were sailors. One was from Persia, one from the island of St. Helena, three from Porto Rico, nineteen from Syria, three from the Hawaiian Islands, and two from India.

When it has been necessary, the society has carried its cases into the higher courts both for its clients and itself. For instance, certain men in Brooklyn, taking advantage of the fame of the society and its good reputation, advertised themselves as the "Co-operative Legal Aid Society," and were prepared to receive clients. Upon application of the Legal Aid Society the Supreme Court granted an injunction against the spurious organization. An important part of the work of the Legal Aid Society has been the securing of better protection for the sailors who come to this port—a class of men who are the victims of greater imposition, perhaps, than any other. The sailor is sinned against in a thousand ways. The inhospitable treatment on land of the seafaring man does much to increase, by way of contrast, his love of the sea. A curious case was that of an American Indian who undertook a voyage to Germany as a fireman on a steamer. During both the outgoing and returning trips he was sea-sick a greater part of the time, which is not surprising, as the American aborigine is no sailor. When the voyage was ended the Indian was offered four dollars as compensation for all that he had undergone. He complained to the purser of the boat, who told him that ten dollars had been given to the person who had secured his employment when he joined the ship. But this money had never been paid to the Indian. He reported his case to the Legal Aid Society, which prepared to prosecute his claim. A notice of libel was sent to the ship-owners, who, rather than resist an action in court, paid ten dollars in addition to the four dollars which had been offered to the Indian. The shipping-master to whom ten dollars had been paid for the red man's services returned eight dollars upon the application of the society, and the American Indian who had gone to sea was the grateful possessor of the sum of twenty-two dollars.

Notwithstanding its wide scope of usefulness, the efficiency of this wisely beneficent institution is greatly circumscribed. It is apparent to any one who visits any of its branches that the facilities for guarding the interests of applicants are entirely inadequate. The society hasn't offices enough, or room enough, or lawyers enough. There are, undoubtedly, scores among those who visit the branches of the society burdened with trouble who, because they must sometimes wait so long for attention, turn away discouraged and disheartened, to bear their impositions in silence or become the victims of unscrupulousness.

The names of those who are prominent in the support of the New York Legal Aid Society are among the foremost names in the United States, including Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Hon. Elihu Root, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, Hon. Carl Schurz, and others. Active in the formation of the society, and its first president, was ex-Governor Salomon. Mr. Arthur von Briesen has been president of the organization for the last twelve years, and Mr. V. Everit Macy, who is an energetic promoter of the society's interests is the present vice-president.

Kuropatkin a Fine Marksman.

WHEN General Kuropatkin was minister of war, during a tour of inspection he visited Sevastopol and strolled with the commandant along the boulevard, where there was a shooting-saloon. His host invited him to a contest, and the minister accepted, each to fire ten shots with a revolver at fifteen paces, the target being a piece of white cardboard about the size of a small cigarette-case. With a revolver the general put all his ten shots into the target, to the complete discomfiture of the other competitor, and when a similar target was put up ten paces farther off he repeated the performance with the rifle.

How Not To Do It.

WHEN we set out some cherished end to gain,
And toil and struggle, strive and pant and strain
To reach unto it,
It often happens that at last we find
We've only learned, poor erring wights and blind,
How not to do it.

FOOLS that seek riches see the glittering prize
Almost in reach before their eager eyes,
And straight pursue it.
They scorn the slow increase of money earned,
And so at length, poor dolts, they've only learned
How not to do it.

STILL others wish to magnify their name;
They think there must be some short cut to fame.
If they but knew it.
But when they reach old age, obscure, unknown,
This knowledge they've acquired, they sadly own—
How not to do it.

THE enamored swain takes thought what subtle art
He shall employ to win his lady's heart;
But she sees through it.
And if she lend his suit a kindly ear,
'Tis not because, fond youth, he makes so clear
How not to do it.

BY method of exclusions we are taught:
From what ought not to be we learn what ought.
'Tis thus we view it.
Then let us gladly take rebuff and pain
That serve to warn us o'er and o'er again
How not to do it.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.



A ROOM FULL OF LITIGANTS FROM THE TENEMENTS AWAITING THEIR TURN AT THE SOCIETY'S HEADQUARTERS.



COMPLAINANTS POURING STORIES OF THEIR WOES INTO THE EARS OF LAWYERS OF THE INSTITUTION.



A TROUBLED WOMAN EXPLAINING HER CASE TO MRS. ROSALIE LOEW WHITNEY, THE SOCIETY'S CHIEF ATTORNEY.



DWELLERS IN THE JEWISH QUARTER SEEKING ADVICE AT A BRANCH OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY.

PROVIDING LEGAL AID FOR THE OPPRESSED POOR.
IMPORTANT AND INCREASING WORK OF THE LEGAL AID SOCIETY, OF NEW YORK CITY.

Photographs by our staff photographer, T. C. Muller. See opposite page.



(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

NEAR NAGASAKI, JAPAN, June 20th, 1904.

I AM ON a bumpety little Japanese train, fussily doing its best to make at least

fifteen miles an hour along the beautiful eastern shore of Omura Bay, in the province of Hizen, island of Kyushu, about an hour out of Nagasaki, the forbidden city of the war department. A dapper bit of a swarthy-faced officer in white-duck uniform, with short sword at his side, has just been through the train, making a record of the name, address, and business of each passenger. My Japanese courier, an absolutely magnificent and indispensable person, has disposed of the difficulty for me, and when he was making his bland explanation the officer looked my way, bowing and smiling very graciously. I wonder what Takiga told him? It was not the truth, that's one thing certain, because he doesn't know that I am an American journalist with a "nose for news" much longer than the bank account he is endeavoring so earnestly to find the end of. He was engaged to do just the thing he does so satisfactorily, and it is my part to try to maintain an air of quiet dignity and unassuming affluence. The last travelers he led around over his beautiful country were Lord and Lady Minto and party from Canada, and he makes it evident that it wouldn't be at all nice to be just "plain folks" in his estimation.

We came down to Nagasaki a few days ago on a steamer in the inland sea, that glorious stretch of limpid, blue, island-dotted water so justly famed in the poetry and song of Japan. I placidly obeyed Takiga's injunction to put away my camera when we entered the forbidden city, "for," said he, "it will be confiscated without a word of warning or explanation if anybody in authority sees it," and I didn't want to lose my precious photographic outfit in this country of pictures. I suppose, if it had been a fine day when we landed, I shouldn't have found it so easy to comply with the rules and regulations, but it was raining—dear me, how it was raining! There was no such thing as shelter anywhere. It rained indoors and out, and a smothering, hot vapor rose from the earth, enveloping everything. One's clothes and hair became clammy, damp in no time, and one longed to take refuge in a bathing-suit. We got into a couple of jinrikishas at the place where our sampan deposited us upon a little flight of slippery stone steps leading down into the water and serving as a pier, and after the smiling, bobbing coolie had nearly knocked my hat off a couple of times, trying to put up the little suffocating baby-carriage top, which I didn't want put up, we started down the bund the cynosure of all eyes.

A European or an American is by no means an unusual sight in the open ports of Japan, even in the most unfrequented native quarters, but I am stared at, I suppose, be-

cause I ride and walk in front of a Japanese gentleman, and it amuses the women and girls, who from time immemorial have trotted along at a respectful distance behind the lords of creation. I often wonder if Takiga doesn't rather despise me for what must seem to him my complete lack of retiring femininity. Perhaps not. Takiga is a modern and splendid model of the Europeanized Japanese, wearing his perfectly-fitting clothes with as much grace as any American I ever saw, and topping all his well-knit elegance with a panama hat enormously becoming. Perhaps he likes to ride behind and imagine that he has assumed the European's reverence for womankind, along with his uncomfortable clothes and strenuous manner of living. Who could tell? There is no penetrating the placid exterior of a Japanese.

One of the things to love in this lovely, green, billowy country is the sonorous clang of the temple bells. The temples are almost always on the highest hills, and the sound rolls down through the great whispering tree-tops like an imperative call to higher thought and higher living. It makes one think softly of Buddha, sitting upon the pure lotus flower lost in smiling meditation; and if one but yield to its influence, it is enough to lift one's soul out of sordidness and set it winging a triumphant imaginary flight toward Nirvana—absorption in the Infinite. Verily, the clang of the temple bells is music. Its mellow reverberations among the hills this June day were half-strangled in the cool torrents of rain falling ceaselessly from the low-hanging clouds.

"To the temple, Takiga," said I, after we had seen the baggage deposited at the hotel entrance. "Follow the sound of the temple bells."

There were thirteen hundred or more dead soldiers whose souls were come to *Sanzu-no-kawa*, the "River of Three Roads," and I knew there would be praying women and priests chanting the *Sutra* for their safe crossing; chanting without pause to the weird accompaniment of continuous tapping with a little cotton-wrapped mallet upon a grotesque, hollow, wooden drum, shaped, to my Christian eyes, like the head of a goblin damned. And if there were not these, I knew that at least there would be raindrops trickling from leaf to leaf on the giant cryptomerias, which are wind-whispering abodes of spirits divine. I knew there would be a blossoming, fragrant iris pool, with quaint single-branched cedars looking into its mirror depths. And a frog—yes, always a frog—solemn-eyed and lonely, sitting upon a wet stone under a huge purple bloom, making one think always of a soul in bondage,

praying continually with its hands upon the ground for transmigration into a better state.

I knew that birds would twitter around the up-tilted eaves of the graceful temple buildings, and that there would be a broad view of Nagasaki and its beautiful harbor.

I had taken shelter under a huge Japanese umbrella of oiled yellow paper decorated with countless ideographs, and in my jinrikisha, with the lithe little blue-clad coolie under his big mushroom hat trotting briskly along between the shafts, I must have presented a picture of the mixed Occident and Orient; but as all Japan is such a mixture nowadays, nobody takes any notice. All the Japanese women have discarded the pretty painted paper and silk parasols which combine so charmingly with their dainty *kimonos* to make a perfect Japanese picture, and are carrying instead the ugliest and most cumbersome possible of our plain black rain umbrellas. I can imagine that my Occidental up-to-date costume with the fantastic Oriental umbrella made a much less offensive combination. We rolled along in the drenching rain through wee narrow streets filled with wet, happy, half-naked children, with sleeping infants strapped upon their backs; across canals spanned by little arched, moss-covered stone bridges; round innumerable corners; past countless tiny fantastic shops, where little *kimono*-clad salesmen and saleswomen squatted barefoot upon their fine white mats, displaying goods whose uses I knew not; by a devious way I should never be able to re-traverse alone, the *kuramayas* hallooing all the time a long-drawn, high-pitched "*Hai*" to clear the way. We arrived at last before a great bronze *torii*, or temple gateway, towering high above the squalid little evil-smelling houses huddling close about it.

I suppose, as I walked up those great "heathen" temple steps between the ancient camphor-trees, that I should have been thinking of St. Francis Xavier and his introduction into this benighted land of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but I wasn't. I was smiling in my heart of hearts at the thought of Pierre Loti and little Madame Crysanthème. It was to this very temple they used to come in the night time, when the countless paper lanterns glimmered and danced upon the hills, and the people came with laughter and light-heartedness to make offerings to the grinning, strange gods in the gilded shrines. As I was going up the long flight of steps, worn hollow by millions of feet, I met a young girl coming down with a baby strapped upon

her back, under a huge umbrella like mine, and I smiled at her broadly, as the children all smile at me, because it was Madame Crysanthème herself, with her little brother whom she loved. I turned and glanced across the harbor, expecting to see a French man-of-war anchored off somewhere, but I couldn't see far through the pouring rain, and I decided that the unconscionable Frenchman was safe in the little house on the hill, waiting for the wee pigeon-toed temporary wife, who bored him so deliciously.

Now, the religion of the Japanese is the most

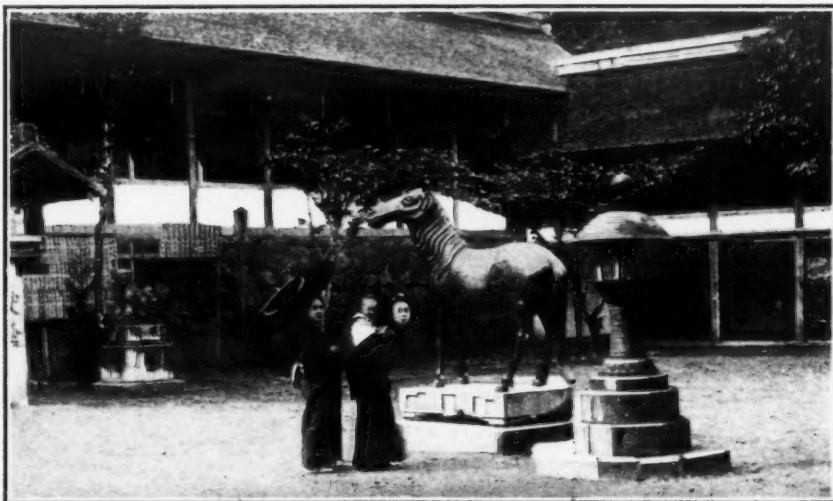
Continued on page 116.



HARBOR OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BAYS IN THE FAR EAST.



HUGE BRONZE TORII ERECTED IN FRONT OF A TEMPLE IN NAGASAKI.



STRANGE VOTIVE OFFERING—A BRONZE HORSE IN THE COURT OF A JAPANESE TEMPLE.



NEW YORK'S DOWN-TOWN SKYSCRAPERS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE DOME OF THE "WORLD" BUILDING—LOW BUILDING IN FOREGROUND IS THE CITY HALL.—Walter C. Bon, Connecticut.



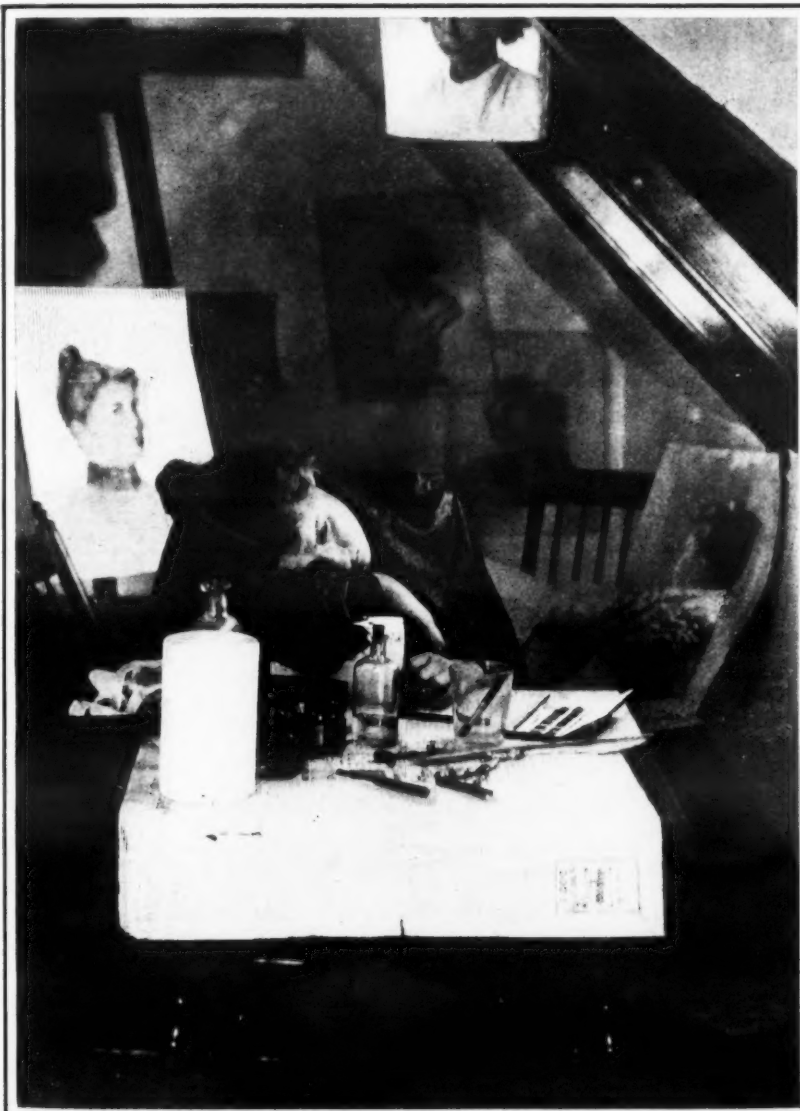
ODD TRICK OF THE CAMERA—A BOY ABOUT TO RIDE ON A WHEELBARROW PROPELLED BY HIMSELF.—Henry J. Mombach, California.



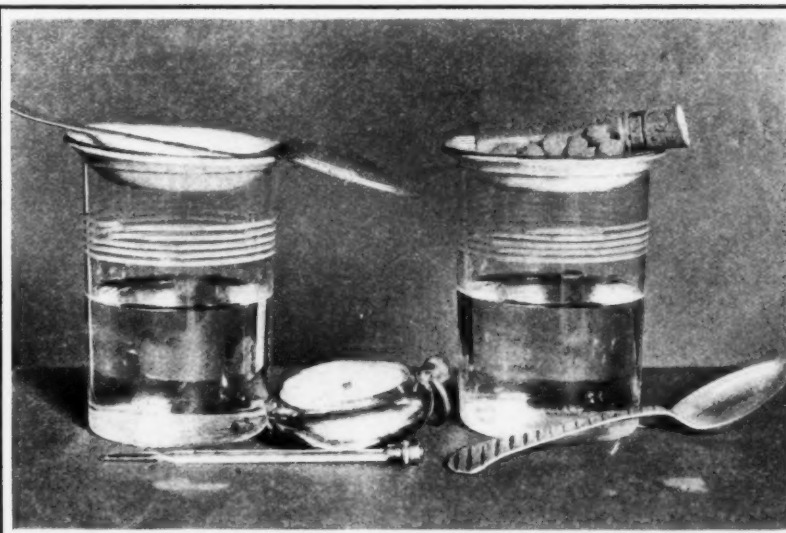
SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE "GLAZIER DISTRICT," NEAR VIRGIL, N. Y., IN WHICH JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER FIRST TAUGHT SCHOOL.—F. F. Somberger, New York.



RUSH OF LIFE ON BUSY PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.—Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.



(PRIZE-WINNER) THE HARD AND WEARYING ROAD TO SUCCESS.—Kate Matthews, Kentucky.



SURE TOKENS OF THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.—Abram Le Galliez, New York.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—KENTUCKY WINS.

SIGHTS OF INTEREST ALONG THE WORLD'S WAYS THAT CAUGHT THE FANCY OF ARTISTIC OBSERVERS.

(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 119.)



A MORE complete refutation of the false and idle statements frequently made to the effect that Christian missions have had no appreciable result among the Chinese people; that the so-called converts among these people are only "rice Christians," cannot be conceived than the record set forth in the volume, "China's Book of Martyrs," by Luella Miner, published by Eaton & Mains. The work is a narrative of the heroic martyrdoms and marvelous deliverances of Christians during the summer of 1900. And not all the awful story of the Neronian persecutions, the cruel and hideous record of tortures and burnings by the inquisitors of Spain, nor the Armenian massacres of later days, can furnish more remarkable examples of fortitude in suffering, of steadfastness in faith, than are given in this volume, the victims here being for the most part Chinese converts of the humble class, old men, women, and children. Hundreds of these innocent and helpless beings elected to be burned, strangled, hacked to death, and often subjected to the most exquisite tortures by the Boxers rather than to accept the alternative of worshipping or burning incense to the gods. Such heroism, such devotion, have never been surpassed in history. There are five hundred pages in this volume, crowded with incidents of hideous deeds, thrilling escapes, heartrending tales of suffering and sacrifice, all among these people whom many in our land affect to despise and against whom our laws have discriminated as persons unworthy of the rights and privileges of American citizenship.

LET US take one or two scenes at random out of this "China's Book of Martyrs." Here is one of a poor old woman, Mrs. Chang by name, a mission convert and Bible-woman, who was early marked for destruction by the Boxer fiends. For several days she fled, weak, ill, and half-starved, in a vain attempt to escape. Finally, one morning, as she crawled from her hiding-place in search of food, "the Boxers found her, carried her to a village not far away, and there many hands rained sword-blows upon the defenseless body as it lay by the roadside until it was literally minced. No one dared to bury the poor remains, and when, long months after, her sons searched for her body, they found only a skull." In another case the victim was an old man, known as Deacon Li. While an attendant in a Chinese yamen, he had come under the influence of Christian missionaries and become a devoted believer. Finally the Boxers got on his track, broke into his apartments in the yamen, and dragged him out. In their search they had found Deacon Li's Bible. "What need of further proof against you?" they cried, in triumph. "You have not given up your religion." Then, tearing the hated book and flinging it on the ground, they said: "This is the foreigner's classic; burn it!" As they bound Deacon Li and led him out, he said: "I believe in my Lord Jesus. Though I am going to my death, it is with a willing heart. I do not regret being a Christian." And Deacon Li was led to a little mound near by and there slowly hacked to death with knives. After that his body was burned and the ashes scattered to the winds. These are only two incidents out of hundreds recorded in this volume. Altogether, they make up a history of martyrdom which should inspire among believers the world over a new and greater zeal for work among the people of China.

LUCAS MALET'S new novel, on which she has been so long at work (ever since the publication of "Sir Richard Calmady"), is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. for publication this fall. Its title will be "The Paradise of Dominic." While Mrs. Harrison has given out no exact intimations of the contents of her story, it is generally understood that the novel will deal with modern English society, more especially the intrusion into it of certain rich and vulgar people; so that the suspicion is gaining ground that the story will challenge comparison, in plot at least, with Ouida's "Massarenes."

TO US the general question of the value of a college training to every man and woman able to secure such a training has never seemed open to serious dispute. Regarding men and women here from the democratic point of view, it seems to us an unwise and dangerous thing to attempt to discriminate between them; to say which shall have the enrichment coming from a higher education and which shall not; to doom some to the weakness and poverty of mind and soul coming through ignorance, and decree that others shall enjoy the power and success coming through the large possession of knowledge. No one has any more right to arbitrarily assign his fellow-men to this class or that class, to say which shall be educated and which shall not, than he has to decree that some shall be rich and others poor, that some are born to rule and others to be slaves. These are matters which can be determined only by the needs, capacities, desires, and opportunities of the individual. A college education is a good thing for every man who wants it and can get it. There is no probability and no danger that the

Books and Authors

By La Salle A. Maynard

world will ever have too many highly educated men to be its leaders of thought and action; this matter is certain, in the long run, to adjust itself to actual needs and conditions. The education which tends to broaden the minds of men, to enlarge their vision, to ennoble their aims and ideals, to lift them above the plane of animalism in their thinking and doing—surely this is a thing to be desired for every man, no matter what his race, color, or particular calling in life may be, and this education every man must and will have in an ideal state of human society.

A LITTLE book in which this question of the value of a higher education, with special reference to modern business needs, is discussed with absolute candor, clearness, and eminent good sense has recently been published by the Appletons, under the title, "College Training and the Business Man." The author is President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University. Dr. Thwing has selected for his purposes in this discussion three great business undertakings—banking, transportation, and insurance—and undertakes to show the advantages which young men entering these three vocations may derive from a college training. In support of his proposition that the graduate of the American college, other things or qualities being the same, is best fitted to administer great business undertakings, such as those named, Dr. Thwing brings the testimony of many well-known and representative men, presidents of railroads, directors of banks, and heads of great corporations. All these are practically unanimous on the point that the man who has the breadth of view, the mental discipline, the power of concentration, the faculty for initiative, coming from a liberal education, makes a more valuable employé in almost any business, and stands a far better chance for ultimate success than the man whose mental and reasoning powers have been poorly or imperfectly developed. On the whole, it seems to us that Dr. Thwing has succeeded in this little volume in proving his case and in giving a complete and conclusive answer to the question as to the practical value of a college training to a man, not only in the particular vocations which he designates, but in every vocation which may be included under the head of business.

ONLY A SINGLE manuscript of "Beowulf," the great Anglo-Saxon epic, is now preserved. This poem dates from the middle of the eighth century, according to Professor C. G. Child, and the extant manuscript is from the collection of Sir Robert Cotton. It is now carefully bound and safeguarded in the British Museum, although badly charred by a fire through which it passed in 1731. A fac-simile page is printed in Professor Child's translation of "Beowulf," which is published in the latest number of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Riverside Literature series.

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN, whose delightful book, "Our Lady of the Beeches," met with such success a year ago, has published a new novel, entitled "Violet." This interesting author is an American, and the niece of a former president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. She was born, in one of the minor Pennsylvania cities, so late as the 'seventies. After an American education, finished at a well-known school in New York City, she traveled extensively in Europe. At Florence, in 1897, she was married to the Baron von Hutten, of Bavaria, a lineal descendant of Ulrich von Hutten, famous in the Reformation. The von Hutten spend a large portion of their time at Schloss Steinbach, in the Main valley, Bavaria. This fine old house of pink stone and mastic, beautifully colored with time, was built in 1726 by Prinz-Bishop Hutten.

HON. HANNIS TAYLOR, of Alabama, now connected with the Spanish claims commission, is the recipient of a special distinction from the University of Edinburgh. He received notice that the senators of the university would confer upon him the title of doctor of laws, and he went abroad in June for the purpose of attending the ceremony in person. A similar honor was tendered him by the University of Dublin. For some years past Mr. Taylor's now famous work, "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution," has been used as a text-book at both these venerable institutions of learning. It is a work upon which the author spent the best part of his life, bringing to its consummation such faithful labor and such intelligent research as few scholars have ever bestowed upon any enterprise, and the result is a compact, conclusive, yet readable and brilliant summary, which the most authoritative commentators in England have declared to be without a rival. Mr. Taylor's has been a remarkable career. From humble and obscure beginnings, and with no help outside of his own personal attainments, he has won a place in the front rank of the great teachers of civilization.

AMONG THE many men of foreign birth who have become naturalized citizens of the United States and won eminence in their adopted country, few have had a more varied and romantic career than Henry Villard, whose memoirs bear the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Landing in New York in 1853, and trying in divers ways to earn a livelihood, Mr. Villard



finally worked his way into journalism and achieved distinction as a field correspondent of various New York papers during the Civil War. Subsequently devoting himself to railroad construction and finance, he founded in Oregon the railway and steamship companies which gave such an impetus to the development of that great State, and carried to completion the Northern Pacific Railroad. Mr. Villard has recounted frankly his achievements and failures, and has given interesting glimpses of the leading public men of his day, with most of whom he came into close contact. Notable among these were Lincoln, Chase, Greeley, Garfield, and Bismarck. Of the great battles of the war of which he was a witness, Mr. Villard has given extremely full and valuable descriptions of Bull Run, Shiloh, Fredericksburg, Charleston Harbor, and Chattanooga, as well as of Chickamauga.

DR. CHARLES A. McMURRY'S "Pioneer History Stories," in three volumes, from the Macmillan press, are designed as a complete series of early-history stories of the Eastern, Middle and Western States, suitable as an introduction for children to American history. Each volume is fully illustrated and equipped with maps. "Pioneers on Land and Sea" deals with the chief ocean explorers and the pioneers of the Eastern States. "Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley" tells the stories of such men as La Salle, Boone, Robertson, George Rogers Clark, Lincoln, and Sevier. In some respects the stories of the third volume, "Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West," are more interesting and striking than those of the Eastern States, because of their physical surroundings; they deal with the various exploring expeditions that opened up the routes across the plains and mountains.

IT IS RARELY that an author has either the literary conscience or such scorn of filthy lucre as may just now be credited to Alfred Ollivant by a statement that we have from his publishers. He was not satisfied with "Danny," it appears, when he wrote it, and was less satisfied with it later. He is his own most severe critic, and, though it sold well, he insisted that the book was not worthy. Now, at last, he has purchased all copies of the book in the hands of the publishers, the Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., together with the plates, and both plates and books have been destroyed.

The German's Love of Liberty.

PROPOS OF a recent article in LESLIE'S WEEKLY by a "Rear-Admiral," in which the writer asserted his belief that there is no danger of a war between this country and Germany, are statements appearing in Brazilian correspondence of the Berlin press to the effect that whatever ambitions may have been entertained by Germany of gaining control of a portion of South America, there is no present prospect of their realization. The German colonists in Brazil, as in the United States, are steadily becoming more and more loyal to their adopted country. Inter-marriages with the Latin stock there, as with the American stock here, are increasingly frequent, and even in cases where both parents are of pure German stock, the children, with few exceptions, regard themselves as Brazilians, as here they stoutly assert their claim to the name of American. The truth is, while the German has a deep and abiding affection for the fatherland, he has seen so much of liberty here as to intensify his repugnance to the arbitrary methods of Germany, to whose surveillance he has no desire to return. He has subsequently learned to hate the militarism that abounds in Germany, and it is a feeling that intensifies his loyalty to the land of his adoption and which will prevent him from taking up arms in defense of the militarism of his native country. This is the weak spot in Germany—once her people emigrate they cease to care for the government of their native country, while yet entertaining a deep sentiment of affection for the fatherland. But mere sentiment, in the absence of personal service amounts to little when the stress of war invades a country.

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EXCESSIVE SMOKING AND DRINKING.

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for babies are many times dangerous, in that the milk may become tainted. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely safe, being rendered sterile in the process of preparation. As a general household milk it is superior and always available.



FAY TEMPLETON,

Who carries away most of the honors in "A Little of Everything," at the Aerial Gardens, in her rôle of Mrs. Dave-Knight.—Otto Sarony Co.



PEWIT,

The mysterious face, a startling European novelty at the Paradise Roof-gardens.



ROSE STAHL,

Who has made one of the vaudeville hits of the season in the bright little play, "The Chorus Lady," by James Forbes.—Baker Art Gallery.



GRACE MERRITT,

The talented young actress who recently joined vaudeville ranks in "The Snow Man," at Proctor's.—Otto Sarony Co.



GRACE CAMERON,

Who contributes much to the long-continued and well-deserved success of "Piff, Paff, Pouf," at the Casino.—Otto Sarony Co.



MARY NASH,

Who will shortly reappear as Queen of the Carnival in "The Girl From Kay's," at the Herald Square.—McIntosh.



THE SIX ATTRACTIVE GIRLS WHO DO THE "DANCE OF THE MARGUERITES" IN "PARSIFALIA," THE BURLETTA AT HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF-GARDEN.—Byron.

MIDSUMMER AT NEW YORK'S THEATRES AND ROOF-GARDENS.

LATEST PICTURES OF FAVORITES, NEW AND OLD, WHO HELP LIGHTEN THE BURDENS OF THE HEAT-OPPRESSED NATIVES.

An American Consul Whom Russians Hate

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

NEWCHWANG, CHINA, June 5th, 1904.

THE MOST prominent and most widely advertised opponent of Russia in all China is Mr. Henry B. Miller, the United States consul at Newchwang. In fact, Mr. Miller might very properly be called the original war man in Manchuria, for through his official reports during several years he has virtually educated Washington and the American people into the knowledge and belief that their best interests lie with Japan. On the other hand, his opinions were widely current in Japan before the war, and he was often cited as an example of the universal pro-Japanese sympathy of America. Throughout the press of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Australia his opinions were quoted, and it may with considerable truth be said that the war was his.

When the Japanese began the civil retreat from Manchuria, before the war, that is being followed by a victorious military advance, Mr. Miller added nothing to his Russian popularity by the vigor with which he conserved Japanese interests and assisted Japanese refugees. An instance of his indefatigable zeal may be related. At the time when all the Japanese non-combatants were hastening out of the enemy's country, news came to him that a party of Russian police was engaged in looting and outraging some Japanese in an opposite part of the town. Immediately he dashed to the scene. The Russian police officer was ap-



HON. H. B. MILLER (X), THE ABLE AND ENERGETIC AMERICAN CONSUL AT NEWCHWANG, CHINA, AND THREE WAR CORRESPONDENTS.—Photograph by our special artist.

pealed to. He insolently suggested in very bad French that Mr. Miller was the American, not the Japanese, consul. With his rare but firm tact, Mr. Miller replied in worse French that he was both. "It seemed to flabbergast him," said Mr. Miller afterward. But

the looting ceased, and the "prisoners" were taken before the civil administration in a legal manner. The next day Mr. Miller had the satisfaction of seeing them and their goods safely embarked for the land of the Rising Sun. But they carried off with them all the good-will of the civil administrator.

It is with the American and English correspondents, however, that Consul Miller is most popular, and, thanks to his efforts, they have often been enabled to continue to represent their papers after some petty offense that would otherwise have sent them all packing out of even Newchwang. Their monotonous stay was whiled away by frequent dinners at his hospitable table, and he took them in when they were hated and despised of all men. He would have extended the same courtesies to the French correspondents had they not refused them. They knew that to be identified in the slightest degree with him would prejudice them in Russian officialdom, and the wisdom of their choice was proved by the fact that they were allowed to proceed to Mukden a full month before the Americans and English. The far-Eastern correspondent of the *Chicago News* on the press-boat *Fawan* has also him to thank for narrowly escaping several days in a Russian jail. Disliked as he is by the Russians, Mr. Miller gets things done usually in the way, if not the time, he wants them done, and if he is, so far as the Russians are concerned, the best-hated man in Manchuria, he is also the one most feared by them. A. B. R.

The War and Peace Courts of Europe.

Continued from page 102.

Edward would sanction an engagement. Then Cyril went to the far East, was on the battle-ship that was blown up, and came home the worse for wear. That made the Princess Victoria all the more in love with him, and he in turn loved the princess more than ever. A few weeks ago the Czar actually consented to the union, so far as Cyril was concerned. Forthwith came to London the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg to intercede with Edward on behalf of the princess. All that now remains to complete the union is the acquiescence of Edward.

Then, too, at the court of Russia, there's the matter of the murderous assault of one member of the court, Prince Dolgorouki, upon the life of another member of the court, Count Lamsdorff, Minister of Foreign Affairs. I met Prince Dolgorouki last year at Petersburg. He is a tall, fine-looking gentleman, mild-mannered, cultured to the highest degree, and the last man to be guilty of a murderous assault for any personal sake. The Czar has ordered the prince to be examined medically. If found to be sane, he will be exiled to Siberia, with loss of all rights; if insane, he will be confined in a lunatic asylum. I venture to say that Dolgorouki will be found insane, for the mere looks of the thing; but I further venture to state that Dolgorouki is entirely sane, and that he assaulted Lamsdorff not because of any personal animosity, but because of a secret, deeper, more far-reaching reason. In Russia there are revolutionists at court, and at the very table of the Czar. The revolutionists do not always aim their revolvers at the Czar. No! there are those mightier than the Czar. These mightier ones are the targets, at present, for the revolutionists. For the actual shooting jobs, members of the secret orders are assigned by lot. Did Prince Dolgorouki draw the fatal number?

Thus crowned heads and royal representatives are contributing to the gayety of nations while trying to solve the Russo-Japanese problem. Some say that all the kissings and gifts and visits will fail as peace assurances; while others say that the strenuous activity of the various rulers of Europe will surely end in all allowing Russia and Japan to settle the scrap between themselves, without any other Power taking a hand in the game. Russia says: "Had we only had an agreement with England, the present war would never have occurred, for Japan would not then have risked so great an undertaking." Japan says: "We are winning the war with officers and men who were instructed by England and America." Germany says: "There exists no treaty which would bind Germany to support Russia in case of certain eventualities in the far East." France says: "Englishmen should remember that the chief guides of the German people avow that the object of their policy is the overthrow of Great Britain." England says: "Let us have peace."

I quote all these remarks verbatim, as uttered for my benefit by representatives of the countries mentioned. While all the courts of Europe are making what is called the "bluff" for peace, the only countries, after all, that are known to be secretly for war are France and Germany, both on the side of Russia. Meantime, England is genuinely for peace at any cost, and the King is now known as Edward the Peacemaker.

How Tramps Work the Railways.

Continued from page 106.

while engineer and fireman are on the look-out ahead, he runs to his baggage-car platform. Fast passenger-trains lose but little time by the wayside, and accordingly if all goes well, the tramp passenger is soon speeding across country. On approaching the next station, he notes, as soon as possible, the location of the platform. Then again, using the moving cars to screen him from people at the station, he drops off, usually at the beginning of the platform walk. Under cover of the train he walks, or runs, as the occasion demands, to the farther end, where he stands ready to repeat his performance. If, on the other hand, he prefers to remain on the train all the time, he may do so by hiding in the tool-box of the engine tender, screened from the cab by the coal-pile. Sooner or later, however, he will be discovered here, for engines are changed at many division points, and again the engine tender is watered at a spot near this very tool-box.

While, then, tramps may sometimes jump, as they say, fairly long distances, they nevertheless stand in constant danger of discovery. This leads me, in conclusion, to call attention, if only briefly, to the reward and the penalty of such railroading. The one reward of which I wish to speak in particular is, in a word, the fun of doing the thing. Half the game lies in outwitting the railway men. To be sure, there are disagreeable features, such as blinding smoke, cinder-laden platforms, an ear-splitting roar of wheels, cold winds, and sooty clothes; but even the smell of coal-smoke and the touch of hot cinders drop out of mind in the thrill of speeding across country at sixty miles an hour. At any rate, there is fascination enough in such riding to lead able-bodied men to and fro between the Atlantic and the Pacific year after year. I am seeking no converts to this life; I wish simply to point out that in any sociological study of tramps we should take note of this pleasurable feeling of traveling which seems to flourish even under the worst of rags.

When railroad and town doctors disagree, as they do occasionally in the smaller towns of the West, the penalty is frequently nothing more or less than a forced continuation of the blind-baggage ride into the next town. Again, both doctors may work hand in hand, and then the dose is one of several pleasantries. For example, the hose may be turned upon the tramp passenger from the cab while he is clinging to the front end of the baggage-car. He may be "ditched," or marooned, so to speak, at a lonely water-tank, where trains seldom stop. He may be ornamented with ball-and-chain for street-cleaning purposes, or cast behind jail bars. He may be clubbed into a respectable citizen. Or, indeed, as happens year after year, the local newspaper may spare him enough space to note: "The body of an unknown tramp was this morning picked up beside the railroad tracks."

An Accomplished Diplomat.

PERHAPS THE most widely read and accomplished diplomat at Washington from South America is Dr. Cecilio Balz, the newly appointed minister from Paraguay. He is familiar with the United States from touring through it after having served as his country's representative at the Pan-American conference in Mexico three years ago.

Noble Gift for Russia's Young Men.

THE CORDIAL feeling which many Americans cherish for Russia as the traditional friend of the United States is expressed in an offer of \$50,000 which Mr. James Stokes has forwarded to the Society for the Moral Improvement of Young Men, at St. Petersburg. One of the conditions named by Mr. Stokes is that \$100,000 more be raised in Russia for a building. There is little doubt that this will be done, as many of the leading men of Russia are backing the organization. The head of the society is the Prince of Oldenburg, who is closely related to the Czar. Prince Hilko, minister of the Russian railroads, is a deeply interested member, and proposes to organize railroad associations at the division points on the Russian railroad. The chamber of commerce and banking institutions of St. Petersburg subscribe liberally each year to the association's support.

Mr. Stokes took the initiative in establishing this association at St. Petersburg in 1897, when he succeeded in interesting the Czarina, who accorded to him a special audience. Mr. Stokes secured as organizing secretary for the new association Mr. Frank Gaylord, who had developed a similar enterprise initiated by Mr. Stokes in Paris. In the St. Petersburg association 1,400 members have been enrolled, and the limit of capacity to accommodate the crowds of young men seeking membership has been reached in the present rooms. In the educational classes there were 580 men and a larger number in the gymnasium. Several religious meetings and Bible classes are conducted. The movement has been given permission by the government to extend its branches throughout Russia, and its secretary has been granted the unusual favor of free transportation over all the railroads, the pass being issued by the Czar himself. The American international committee, through its representative, Mr. C. J. Hicks, has co-operated in shaping the organization.

Italy, France, and Russia have recognized Mr. Stokes's notable services in behalf of the young men of those countries by conferring upon him decorations of the first class. A bazaar was held lately in Washington in behalf of the Russian branch of the Red Cross Society, in which the Empress of Russia is deeply interested. Mr. Stokes made a gift of \$1,000 to this fund.

The Cost of Firing Cannon.

MODERN NAVAL warfare is one of the most costly things that can be imagined, and a combat between two fleets means the expenditure of vast sums of money. Some idea of the high cost can be arrived at by taking a Japanese war-ship like the *Kasuga* or *Nysshin* and calculating the number of shots she would discharge, say, at Port Arthur. The first-named ship carries four cannon which cost \$30,000 each. One of these guns can fire two shots per minute, and every shot costs \$400; thus in five minutes these four cannon can discharge forty bombs at a cost of \$16,000. The smaller cannon cost each \$18,000, and every shot they fire means an expenditure of \$70. They are very rapid, and it is estimated that in five minutes the twelve cannon could discharge shot to the value of nearly \$35,000.



R. C. PANTERMUEHL, CAPTAIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS TRACK TEAM.



PAUL SARTORI, IN ALFRED G. VANDERBILT'S MERCEDES, AT THE EMPIRE CITY PARK MEET, MAKING A NEW WORLD AUTOMOBILE RECORD (19.37 1-5) FOR TWENTY MILES.—Rose.



CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM, OF THE HARVARD 'VARSITY EIGHT.—Sedgwick.



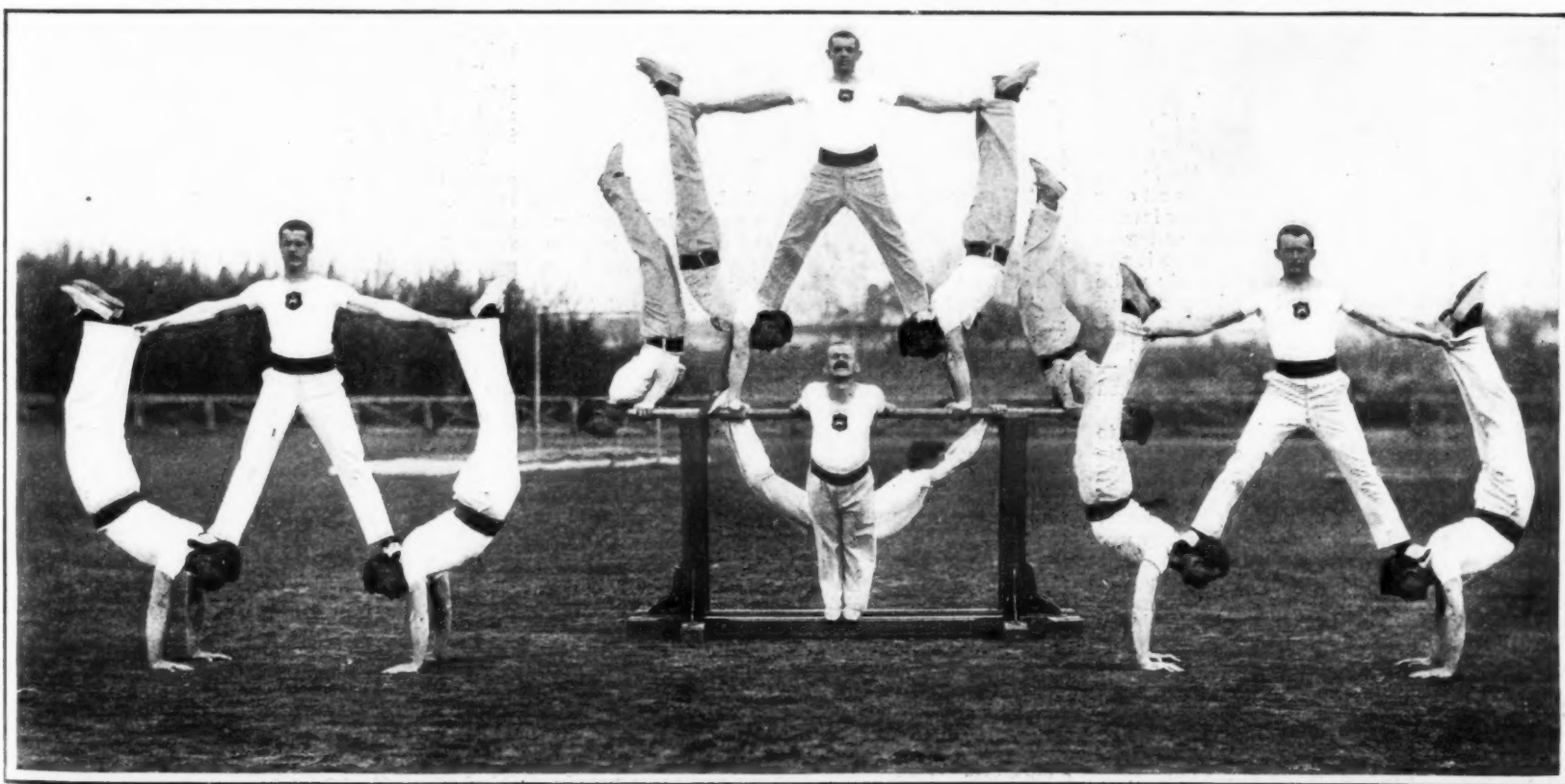
SCENE OF THE RECENT MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AUTOMOBILE TRIALS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Pictorial News Company.



JAMES L. BREESE, IN HIS FORTY-HORSE-POWER MERCEDES, MAKING A SHARP TURN AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS AUTOMOBILE TRIALS.—Pictorial News Company.



HARRY S. HARKNESS, IN HIS SIXTY-HORSE-POWER MERCEDES, IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, MAKING THE EIGHT-MILE RECORD CLIMB.—Pictorial News Company.



GYMNASTIC EXERCISES OF THE LANCERS AND LIFE-GUARDS, AT ALDERSHOT, ENGLAND.

PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE OUTDOOR SPORTS OF SUMMER.
MOUNTAINS SUCCESSFULLY CLIMBED IN MOTOR CARS, AND A NEW WORLD AUTOMOBILE RECORD MADE AT THE EMPIRE CITY PARK.



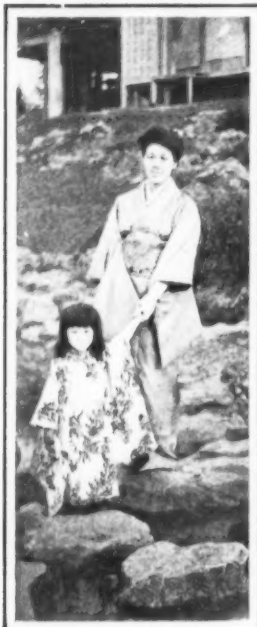
NAVAJO INDIAN CHILD WITH ITS PORRIDGE-BOWL.
Beals.



CURIOUS TOM-TOM DANCE OF THE SAVAGE IGORROTES.
Stark.



FILIPINO BABY, BORN AT THE VISAYAN VILLAGE,
PHOTOGRAPHED WHEN FOUR DAYS OLD.



LITTLE HIRO OTSAHA AND HER
MOTHER IN THE JAPA-
NESE GARDEN.
Beals.



BOER GENERAL CRONJE AND HIS BRIDE JUST AFTER THEIR
PUBLIC MARRIAGE.



MEMBERS OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN FAMILY AND THEIR WIG-
WAM.—Copyright, 1904, by Louisiana Exposition Company.



HAPPY IGORROTE JUNE BRIDE IN
HER WEDDING FINERY.
Copyright, 1904, by Louisiana
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THE STUDY OF MANKIND AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

REPRESENTATIVES, YOUNG AND OLD, OF VARIOUS RACES WHO DEEPLY INTEREST THE STROLLERS ON THE PIKE.

The Spirit of Old Japan

Continued from page 110.

interesting thing in the whole country. In fact, it is the country—all that is left of the old Japan for dreamers to dream about—but to the casual traveler it is a thing of hopelessness, so complicated is it and so overcrowded with deities. I never pass a graven image without asking Takiga whom or what it represents. Sometimes he doesn't know himself, but he never fails to unfold an interesting story of some sort. I'm quite convinced that he has the Buddhistic propensity for creating new gods upon any occasion. There is one sweet-faced, mild-mannered little idol, however, whom I have learned to know very well and to positively love. He is always to be found in burying-places, along the roadways, at odd corners—most anywhere, in fact, and often in groups—but wherever he is you will find him with a little child's bib tied under his chin and a whole mound of little pebbles piled about his feet. I met him on my very first day in Japan. He was standing at the top of a very narrow, long, dirty, child-crowded street in Yokohama which led to a temple on a hill. His nose was broken off. He had no fingers at all and the weather had made holes all over his little body, like pock-marks. I didn't know invaluable Takiga then and my *kuramaya* was acting as guide. His name was Yota, I know, because it was printed in black letters on the back of his big white mushroom hat, and Yota must have been a good Buddhist, because he picked up some pebbles and put them back at the wee god's feet, with a pious little nod. "Who's your dilapidated friend?" I asked—ashamed of my tourist's levity before I had finished the question.

"He is Jizo," said Yota. "He doesn't belong to grown folks. He is the god of little children." He didn't say this in good English, of course, but with the assistance of much expressive gesticulation he made me understand, and he made me want to know more, but I found the good boy's English vocabulary was made up almost exclusively of nouns, so he couldn't go into details very much. Now, Takiga and I met a little Jizo at the head of the long flight of stone steps, standing forlorn under a great camphor-tree, his bib all wringing wet and the pebbles scattered about him.

"Why, gentle Jizo, do they treat you so?" said I, "and yet expect so much from you in behalf of the poor little baby ghosts lost on the pebbly shores of *Sanzu-no-kawa*? I'm afraid the good people have forgotten babies' souls. There are many soldiers to pray for and great Hachiman frowns in the temple."

"Takiga," said I, "why are you not a good Buddhist? You ought to be, you know."

He laughed with fine scorn.

"There are no Buddhists, nowadays, but women, children, priests, and old people," said he.

"And what are the young men of whom you make so proud a majority—Christians?"

"Christians?" Takiga was really annoyed. No, why should they be? They are men and soldiers. For them there is nothing—nothing but Japan and the Emperor. That is enough. They have minds and they think. Japanese intelligence refuses to discard a foolish superstition and adopt a less subtle and less interesting but no less foolish one.

Here was a chance for me to realize a dream of my Sunday-school days and become a foreign missionary, but Takiga's earnestness was almost convincing.

"Your father was a Buddhist, was he not? You were raised in Buddhism?"

"My father was a soldier in the service of the Shogun. When the Shogunate fell, he and all that remained of his company committed *hara-kiri* in Tokio."

He said this casually, as he might have told me that his grandfather was honorably killed in battle, but it made me thrill with a sense of personal contact with the old Japan that is gone forever.

"Do you remember it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. My mother took me and a baby brother, whom she carried on her back, and fled with us into the hills toward Kamakura. We should all have been killed if we had remained in Tokio."

"Do you remember the old days of the *daimios* and Samurai?"

"Oh, yes. I was ten years old when the Shogunate was overthrown, and I remember that my little boyhood was filled with terror because of the swaggering two-sword men. They used to try the edges of their swords by slashing little boys' heads off."

I expressed my incredulity.

"Oh, I assure you! I remember one day playing with a lot of boys on the river bank in Tokio, by a little bridge, when along came a big Samurai. One of the little fellows, not seeing him, got in his path, and the big brute whipped out his short sword and with a single swish cut the boy's head clean off his shoulders." This story was accompanied by many an expressive gesture and a fine display of anger and scorn for the old days and splendid satisfaction in the new order of things, which makes such tragedies impossible.

"Well, what did they do with the murderer, Takiga?" I asked, anxious to follow the story to its natural conclusion of punishment for the wicked.

"Murderer?" he replied. "A Samurai was never a murderer. He was a soldier and there was nobody to condemn him but his *daimio*, or governor, and he wouldn't, so the fellow always went unpunished. I assure you that when I was a little chap such crimes as I tell you of were the rule, not the exception. We used to get up every morning and ask, 'Where were

the murders committed last night?' and the dead-houses were always full of burning corpses and weeping women."

"And you tell me, Takiga, that your father fought to maintain such an order of things?"

He drew himself up until he was nearly as tall as I, and replied: "My father and my father's fathers for many generations were retainers of the Shoguns. He had to fight for his own side although he knew he was in the wrong, and having lost his cause, there was only one thing left for him—suicide. The Japanese soldier is taught that there are but two paths in front of him; one is victory, and the other death. Death expiates defeat, and *hara-kiri* is most honorable."

"Will the soldiers who are fighting Russia commit suicide if they lose?" I asked.

"Some of them will; but there will not be many left when Japan loses the war with Russia. They will all have been killed, and our women will be standing in their places. Japan has never lost."

Takiga was standing against a sacred stone dog that guarded with a menacing snarl the entrance to the temple. Within the gateway were two hideous, terrible gods with drawn swords, driving out all evil from the holy place. At the feet of these great graven images were piled huge straw sandals, made like those the coolies wear. They had been placed there by riksha boys, with prayers for strong leg muscles and great power of physical endurance. Within the temple a priest was beating with a little cotton-wrapped mallet upon a hollow wooden drum and chanting a prayer to great Shaka Muni, which sounded to my Christian ears like the incantation of an evil spirit. I longed to hear the strains of a mighty organ singing, under a master's fingers, triumphal music. There was nothing round about me to express this great spirit of Japan. Everything was small, trivial, poor, and narrowly conceived. But I knew that the religion of the gods they prayed to swept through incomprehensible periods of time and embraced the full, wonderful meaning of final peace. Then, too, above the trivialities stretched green, glorious hills on every side, while the rain made eloquent music in the tops of centuries-old cryptomerias and camphor-trees towering high over our heads. I thought of the twelve hundred soldiers' souls lately come to the River of Three Roads, and I myself breathed a prayer to great Shaka Muni for their safe crossing and quick return in new youth and strength to the beautiful, green, rock-ribbed, flowering island for which they died—to the Japan they loved with a love which passeth understanding.

ELEANOR FRANKLIN.

As a health-giver, no tonic made equals Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Druggists and grocers.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

IT REMAINS to be seen whether a few daring speculators, mostly from the wild and woolly West, have the power to make Wall Street the favorite watering-place of the American people in mid-summer once more. The fame of Wall Street as a watering-place has gone forth throughout the length and breadth of the land, and its waters have, since the recent boom period, become so unpalatable that the public has suffered from an attack of acute indigestion. Yet one of the big exploiters of stocks was recently heard to say that "The big men are just spreading the table." What kind of a table is to be offered to the public this year? Is it to be laden with all the attractive and highly spiced and seasoned dishes of the boom period? There are many evidences that this was the programme of those who had the bill-of-fare in preparation. They certainly have tried to spread the table, but will the public, bearing in mind the indigestibles it swallowed in 1891 and 1892, and the bad attack of the gripes that followed, crowd each other and rush again to get another chance at the Wall Street menu?

Some think that they see signs that this is to be the case. The public, to be sure, has a short memory. Furthermore, each day produces its new crop of fools as well as its new crop of rogues. It is still true that you can fool some of the people all of the time and most of the people some of the time. The showman Barnum said that the American people

loved to be humbugged. There may be a pleasure in being the victim of humbuggery, but the profit is on the other side, and the greater pleasure, no doubt, is in the accumulation of the profit.

Does any one believe the humbug Wall Street reports on which the recent rise has been mostly predicated, to the effect that we have already passed the period of depression? Does any one believe this when he reads the reports of declining railway earnings, the reduction of wages of 30,000 employés in New England cotton-mills, and consequent strike; the strike of the Chicago packers with a daily loss of business to the railroads of \$100,000; reports of mercantile agencies of greater conservatism on the part of merchants throughout the country, and the shrinkage in bank exchanges East and West, coupled with an increasing number of failures, with heavier liabilities than during recent years?

Does any one believe that the bull prophets of Wall Street are already authorized to say that the wheat crop, which has not yet been harvested, and the corn crop, which will not be free from danger from frost until September, and the cotton crop, which will not be picked till fall, are all to meet the expectations of the best? Does any one believe the Wall Street reports that the iron trade has turned the corner, and once more is on the upward plane? If so, let him read the official reports of the trade organs on this question, and note the caustic remarks of the *Iron Age*, that the improvement in the iron industry "has been taking place chiefly in Wall Street"; or let him go through the iron-producing districts of this country and mark the increasing number of blast-furnaces out of blast, of mills shut down, and factories running at reduced time.

No; the recent rise in Wall Street was due, first, to a concerted effort by a few big speculators, or gamblers, to put up prices. They had purchased largely during the liquidation, and were aided in their effort by the cheapness of money. Secondly, they found unexpected help by reason of the fact that heavy holders of stocks, bought at higher than market prices, were able to hold them and were determined not to sell until they could get what they paid or a profit. There was therefore an absence of selling pressure. A third and very important helpful factor, which gave unexpected strength to the bull manipulation, was the very large short interest. This proved to be much greater than had been anticipated.

The short side had become extremely popular of late. Every little bucket-shop had been advising its customers throughout the country to sell something short, and heavy operators also had sold large lines of stocks short. Some of the biggest as well as some of the smallest fry were thus caught in the same net, and the manipulators for an advance found their task quite easy. When the latter, satisfied with a moderate profit, and anticipating the customary decline, began to sell stocks short and to take the other side of the market, they were astonished to discover that stocks seemed to be still in demand, so they took the bull side again; for they are in the market, be it remembered, for cold cash and nothing else. When it pays to send out extravagant reports of good times, good crops, and big earnings, such reports will be placed upon the wires, and they will be kept there just as long as the manipulation for a rise is found to be profitable. Then when manipulators sell stocks short, the wires will be kept hot with reports of depression in business, disasters to the crops, fears of tight money, of gold exports, and of entanglements arising out of the war in Asia.

And the funny thing about it all is that the public, cheated on the bull side and defrauded on the bear side, will continue to read the fictitious reports emanating from Wall Street and to believe them. But for the gullibility of the American public, there would be no Wall Street.

"F." Derry: You are on my preferred list for three months.
"A." Duluth, Minn.: Members of the New York Stock Exchange deal in listed as well as unlisted securities.
"C." Groton, N. Y.: It would be better to buy stocks listed on the exchange, which you could readily dispose of at some price in an emergency.
"E. P." Rochester: Suppose you wait a little while, when your horizon has been widened and you can see a little farther into the future. Then write me again.

"D. S." Baltimore: You are on my preferred list for three months. I do not recommend them. 2. The New York Mail has published a directory of the Stock Exchange.

"F." Bellows Falls, Vt.: You must be a regular subscriber at the home office to be entitled to the privileges of the preferred list. Kindly read note at head of this department.

"See," St. Paul: Amer. Smelting and Refining preferred does not look unattractive, but it is no better than Amer. Chicler preferred, selling considerably lower. Smelting pays 7, and Chicler 8 per cent. Both are industrials.

"Notnac": It is always well to take a profit in such a market, but stocks that are strong for special reasons or on favorable possibilities in the near future sometimes pay to hold. I prefer that you make your own decision.

"W." Jacksonville, Fla.: I have frequently given my opinion of the cotton company to which you refer. While it has paid dividends during the boom period, I doubt if it can continue to do so in a declining market. I do not recommend it.

"P." Newark, N. J.: Preference continued for one year. Not from present indications. Both Leather common and Ice common are stock-market gambles, but are regarded favorably for speculation by those who have patience and do not expect everything to happen in a day.

"New York": Good investment bonds are the Long Island refunding 4s, the Atchison gen. 4s, Central of Georgia first 5s, C. B. and Q. joint 4s, Northern Pacific 4s, and Reading gen. 4s. I regard these more favorably than the electric company to which you refer. I would not be in a hurry to buy.

"S." Maplewood, Mass.: I would have nothing to do with the bucket-shop scheme the Philadelphia parties so generously offer to disclose to you. They may give you a little profit on the start, but in the end you will be a loser, and you may be one at the beginning if the party should not prove to be a good guesser.

"Glen": You can deposit your stock with your broker, subject to your orders by wire. In sending it you simply need sign the power of attorney. You need not fill in the blank with the name of the broker to whom you send it. He will do that himself. It is customary to have some one witness your signature by simply having him write his name beside your own.

"Alpha," Louisville: Reading common sold last year between 38 and 69, and this year has ranged between 39 and 54. Insiders have, therefore, taken advantage of their knowledge to "milk" the market both ways. Whether they will prepare to declare a dividend on the common now, or wait for another scalping operation, I cannot tell you. Usually inside manipulators want all there is in anything before they let go.

"Querist": 1. Insiders have sustained the price of Smelters common for the purpose of unloading it at the highest figures they could get. Thus far they have not succeeded in disposing of much of it. Whether they will stimulate the market demand by putting it higher, or not, remains to be seen. 2. It is safer to deal in gilt-edged stocks. Of course there is less money in it, unless you have abundant capital and can make heavy purchases. 3. I do not know. Advise you to get a rating from a mercantile agency. 4. You are like many others. Am glad you profited as much as you did.

"Investor," Savannah, Ga.: 1. No matter what may be said by financial writers, in reference to the Harriman scheme to issue \$100,000,000 So. Pacific preferred ahead of the common, the fact remains that cautious investors in London as well as in New York are far from satisfied with it. It is said that the rise in So. Pacific has been purposely manipulated to strengthen Harriman's plan, and that large short sales of the stock both at home and abroad made it easy to advance it. 2. The fact that the liabilities reported by failed individuals and concerns for the first half of this year are the largest in six years confirms the general impression that the business depression is far more acute than Wall Street concedes.

"Ignorant," Cincinnati: 1. The bonds recommended by the City National Bank of New York comprise rather a mixed list of industrials, government loans, and railroad securities. Among the best on the list I should name the Lake Shore debentures, Pennsylvania's 4 1/2 per cent. notes, the Burlington's 3 1/2s, and the San Antonio and Aransas Pass 4s. 2. Brokers ask their customers to pay for stocks when ordered, or to leave a sufficient balance to justify the purchase and cover all possible margins. If you should pay your broker before the stock was delivered, and he should fail, you might find yourself badly entangled. I presume you could arrange with a bank to deposit a check to the order of the broker, the check to be delivered on receipt of the securities.

"Alder," Canton: 1. Members of the New York Stock Exchange will buy copper stocks for you in the Boston market. Spencer Trask & Co., William and Pine Sts., are members of the exchange. I have said about Copper Range that Mr. Lawson is a daring speculator and exploiter, and that he is not boosting Copper Range because he is a philanthropist, but because he is a money-maker. It is most amazing that on the tip of one prominent market operator such a rise as Copper Range has had could have been engineered. Lawson is no different from every other operator. All profit by the advice they give to their customers, because it means business for them. They, therefore, cannot be considered in any sense as unselfish, unprejudiced, or impartial. 2. Note my frequent advice regarding Atchison. 3. Preference continued for six months.

"F. W.": 1. Great Western preferred A, if it were assured of its 5 per cent. dividend, would not sell around 50, but nearer the price of a year ago, that is, 75. 2. The reason for the decline is no doubt the business depression, though rumor has it that foreign purchasers are ready to take control and are depressing the price for the purpose of buying the stock as low as possible. I see nothing to corroborate this rumor. It is not new. 3. Many regard Amalgamated Copper as worth pretty nearly its selling price, in view of the fact that it pays 2 per cent. dividends and has paid as high as 8. This 2 per cent. dividend is more than covered by the returns from one of its properties. The fight with Heinze cannot last forever, but Lawson's disclosures show the danger of trading in a gambler's stock like Amalgamated, and I therefore advise my readers to leave it alone.

"W." Jacksonville, Fla.: 1. The risk of selling stocks short is shown again, as I have pointed out, by the unexpected rise in Union Pacific, for which several reasons have been given. Combinations or adventitious circumstances may similarly affect other stocks, and the man who operates on the short side must therefore be exceedingly conservative and have abundant margins. 2. The market does not usually open weak, show strength, and then close irregularly. The daily moods and tempers of the market are as uncertain as the weather. 3. So many people believe that stocks will decline before election and advance afterward, that large operators are liable to lay their plans to work in opposition to the general view of the public. If these operators find the general public selling stocks short all along the line, just before election, they may find it in their power to turn the market upward and punish the shorts. The recent rise was due in large measure to the greatly over-sold condition of the market. One must therefore be prepared, if he goes with the crowd, to take the consequence of moving with it, sometimes into a crush. 4. You can best inform yourself by practical experience. Spencer Trask & Co., William and Pine streets, are members of the New York Stock Exchange in good standing.

Continued on page 118.

Investments of Insurance Companies.

BY NO MEANS the least part of the service which the prosperous insurance companies render to the community is the safe guidance they supply to investors in the securities of the various corporations. Companies which insure life and property invest their reserve funds in only such stocks and bonds as can pass the rigid scrutiny, as to their soundness and value, of men of the keenest business judgment. A list of the security issues thus selected and indorsed should prove invaluable to every person who would make purchases in Wall Street, and must also bear effective testimony to the reliability of the companies in whose assets they are included. In "Investment Directory—Insurance Companies" for 1904, compiled by S. H. Wolfe, consulting actuary, and published by the Insurance Press, New York, the bond and stock holdings of many insurance companies doing business in the United States and Canada are given. The aggregate of such securities on January 1st, 1904, was about \$1,600,000,000 (par value), and the book carefully describes and classifies them, showing the exact amount held by each company. The volume also contains a useful synopsis of the laws of the different States and Territories pertaining to the investments of insurance companies, while an elaborate index makes it exceedingly convenient for reference purposes.

"The Copper Handbook" for 1904.

EVERY INVESTOR in copper stocks should be especially interested in "The Copper Handbook" for 1904, and it need hardly be said that it is of very great value to producers and dealers in the red metal. The author and publisher of this work is Horace J. Stevens, manager of the Peninsular News Bureau, at Houghton, Mich. The present issue is the fourth annual edition, and the book has grown, since 1901, from 328 pages to 778 pages of text, and now lists and describes 3,311 copper mines and companies in all parts of the world. The book also contains many chapters devoted to the history, uses, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, metallurgy, finances, and statistics of copper, with a glossary of mining terms, etc. It appears to have been prepared with care and accuracy, and the fact that it has been subscribed for in every State of the Union, and in nearly every country in the universal postal union, shows that its merits are appreciated by those for whom it was designed. A large advertising section also testifies to the esteem in which the work is held. This excellent reference-book, filled with solid information, sells at \$5 in buckram binding, with gilt top, and is sent prepaid, on approval, without advance payment, to any address.

American Locomotives Are the Best.

THE GERMAN papers have recently been circulating the report, and it has gained currency even in the English press, that the locomotives which have been purchased in America by the Bavarian state railways within the last three years had proven unsatisfactory, and that their durability had been called into question. In these reports it is also asserted that experts had declared that the American locomotives could only last at best from eight to ten years, while the locomotives manufactured in Bavaria have stood service for thirty years, and that for these reasons, as well as because of frequent necessary repairs, the further use of American locomotives had been abandoned. Our consul-general at Munich, Bavaria, Mr. James H. Worman, has been at pains to investigate these reports, and he declares that they are unauthorized and wholly groundless. The facts are that the locomotives which had been bought in order to study the American system of locomotive building have proven, because of their simplicity, their originality of construction, and their remarkable locomotion for fast and freight trains, most acceptable, especially as to durability and efficiency, and that up to this time nothing has been discovered to warrant the statement that, with the same care bestowed upon them as upon the Bavarian locomotives, the American locomotives would prove less durable than those built in Bavaria. Indeed, many of the parts of construction have been found so simple and practical that they will be adopted in the construction of Bavarian locomotives.

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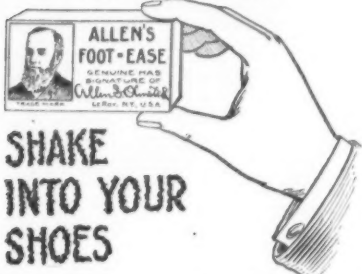
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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

Continued from page 117.

"S. S." New York: Only speculative.
"E. J." San Francisco: I do not regard it in any sense as an investment.
"E." Hiawatha, Kan.: This is not a good market to get into. Better wait a little while.
"W." Scranton, Penn.: You must be on my preferred list to be entitled to its privileges. It should be worth it.

"Aluminum": I know nothing about them and have nothing to do with them. Wall Street does not deal in the stock.

"Hoosier," Indianapolis: You must be a subscriber at the home office to be entitled to the privileges of my preferred list. It ought to be worth it.

"S." Tiffin, O.: It is not quoted on the exchange, and I doubt if it is advisable to get into something which you cannot readily dispose of in case of emergency.

"Copper Range": 1. In a safe-deposit company or in a box in your local bank vault, if room will be given you. 2. Conditions constantly changing. Note my weekly suggestions.

"T." Elmira, N. Y.: 1. Alfred M. Lamar is given a rating by Dun of \$75,000. 2. It is claimed that Reading is earning over 6 per cent. on the common, but its report is not a very clear and precise document.

"McM." Greenville, Ala.: Address the telephone company at Boston, Mass. Manhattan Elevated and Del. and Hudson are attractive, but I would not be in a hurry to buy. I regard them as investment shares.

"I. X. L." Augusta, Ga.: Col. Fuel and Iron is a great property, and the fact that the Steel Trust once made an offer for its control, at advantageous terms, is not forgotten. For this reason many believe it is safe to buy on reactions for a long pull. But it is in the hands of a few strong men who are not above manipulating it in their own interests.

"S. St." New York: The situation of Chic. Terminal is not improved by the depression in the railway world. Unless its earnings increase a reorganization is possible. It is a valuable property, and if it can survive the present depression, will have merit. 2. The difficulty about short sales is that there is too much company on that side of the market, apparently.

"McC." New York: 1. I have given my opinion of Copper Range and the Lawson boom several times. Lawson is not a philanthropist. 2. I know of no market for the basket stock. It never had any. 3. "Frisco" preferred, paying 1 per cent., is a fair speculation at the price you name. 4. A number of industrial common shares pay 4 per cent. or better and sell no higher than "Frisco 2d."

"C. P. L." Cleveland: Subscription department has no record of subscription. The reorganization of U. S. Realty did not contemplate an assessment on the stock. The time within which holdings may be deposited by those who wish to exchange the stock of the U. S. Realty and Construction Company for the stock and bonds of the U. S. Realty and Improvement Company has been extended to September 1st.

"L." Holly Springs, Miss.: I agree with you that the forcing process in Wall Street can be carried too far, but the danger of short sales lies in the fact that certain stocks appear to be strongly protected on every decline by special interests. These interests are not above taking a profit by selling their own shares short, but they do not like to have too much company, and find it easy to punish outsiders when the latter get beyond their depth. For this reason it is difficult to name any stock as a good short sale.

"J." Pittsburg, Penn.: Thanks for your appreciative letter. The American Ice Company should, as soon as circumstances justify, make a statement to its patient and long-suffering stockholders regarding the earnings of the company and its financial status, as compared with that of a year ago. I know that the stockholders' representative on the board is anxious that this should be done. It may not be time for such a statement, and it probably would be more satisfactory if made a little later in the year; but stockholders certainly have a right to expect it.

"L." Memphis, Tenn.: I would not sacrifice my Leather common at the present low prices. Like Amer. Ice common, it has been stagnant for a long time. There are those who believe that, like Amer. Ice common, it is being quietly accumulated by insiders who desire to keep their purchases under cover and not to stimulate the market. Patience under such circumstances is a very good thing on the part of the outsiders. It is one of the virtues that insiders always seem to possess much better than small holders who do not know what is going on.

"B. B." Rochester, N. Y.: 1. The talk that the Long Island Railroad is to lease the B. R. T. on a 3 per cent. basis is a repetition of an old yarn. No stock on the list has been so repeatedly boosted by false reports as Brooklyn Rapid Transit. It is a wonder that the people can be fooled so often and so long. 2. Amer. Chicle, the chewing-gum industrial, ought to be worth what it is selling for. It earned over \$200,000 surplus over the dividends paid last year and has a present surplus of nearly \$1,000,000, including nearly \$200,000 in bank and over \$600,000 in chicle, which is the most essential ingredient of chewing-gum.

"B." New York: 1. I find no rating and some of their methods have been questioned. 2. The rise in Pennsylvania has not been based on increased earnings. Tremendous efforts have been made by the company to decrease expenses. The liberal discharges of trainmen, in one instance, led to the threat of a strike on one division. Unless the iron industry revives and general business improves it will be difficult for the Pennsylvania to continue 6 per cent. dividends. As to short sales, however, I cannot advise. The market is too changeable and too much in control of powerful cliques. 3. Spencer Trask & Co., William and Pine streets.

"E." Baltimore: 1. I doubt if Reading is earning 6 per cent. on the common. The anthracite trade is not quite as good as it was, and that trade has been a very helpful factor to Reading. 2. I have no doubt that M. K. and T. is in much better condition to pay dividends now than ever. It earned over 4 per cent. on the preferred last year, and spent a very liberal amount on construction. As the preferred issue is small, dividends can be readily declared upon it whenever a moderate surplus is accumulated. The retirement of John D. Rockefeller from the board is said to indicate simply a desire to withdraw from all corporations excepting the Standard Oil.

"S. S. S." Mass.: I have repeatedly said that there was great danger in selling Atchison common short. While I believe the stock is as high as its

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Among the Missing.

PEOPLE who studied geography some years ago are asking where the "h" in Thibet has gone to. It seems to have eloped with the apostrophe in L'Hassa.

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Continued on page 119.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 118.

"F." Apalachin, N.Y.: Pacific Mail is controlled by the Southern Pacific. The water transportation companies are all suffering from the existing low freights and lack of business, though the last report of Pacific Mail was favorable. There are those who believe that Texas Pacific, having no preferred stock ahead of it, will be worth eventually as much as Pacific Mail can be, even under more favorable circumstances, in the transportation business. On the other hand, many speculators are impressed with the belief that the Harriman interests propose, at their own convenient time, to put Pacific Mail on a dividend-paying basis and mark it up much higher. I regard either of them as having, under existing circumstances, a better future than Erie common, considering the enormous burden Erie is bearing of bonds and stocks. The war in the East has increased the risk of shipments on the Pacific Ocean, and this may offset any advantages that might otherwise accrue to Pacific Mail from this contest.

"S." Santa Fé, N. M.: 1. The best inside advice do not corroborate Wall Street reports that the iron and steel business is improving. Quite the contrary. The rise in steel preferred and the steel sinking fund 5 per cent. bonds is due to the fact that insiders acquired these, and especially the bonds, at higher than market prices, and are anxious to dispose of them with as small a loss as possible. It was reported that Morgan, while in Europe, made an arrangement by which foreign manufacturers of iron and steel would maintain prices in sympathy with the Steel Trust, but I question the correctness of the report. 2. The strength of the Wabash debenture B bonds, after every decline, strengthens the impression that they are to be taken care of in some way, in due season. 3. The strength of Canadian Pacific is due in part to the remarkable increase in the value of its enormous holdings of wheat lands. Some of these are selling as high as \$10 an acre, and it is said that the value of the unsold acreage is nearly \$100,000,000. It is not safe to sell Canadian Pacific short if these statements are accurate.

"U. P." Atlanta, Ga.: Many shrewd operators believe that the rapid and unexpected rise in Union Pacific, immediately following the first decision in the Northern Securities case, and again after the recent decision in Harriman's favor, indicates that both Harriman and Hill interests have been accumulating Union Pacific common and the convertible bonds, because of the possibility that if the court decides that the merged stocks in the Northern Securities combination must be returned to their original owners, Union Pacific will secure control of the Northern Pacific, which it had when the merger was made. Hence Hill and Harriman both would like to control Union Pacific, as it may dominate the entire transcontinental situation. It happened that there was a large short interest in Union Pacific at the time this urgent buying by Harriman and Hill began, and the stock, therefore, jumped by leaps and bounds. But suppose that Union Pacific secures control of the Northern Pacific, and that some one invokes the power of the government against this combination as an illegal one. What might happen? And suppose that the fight of the Hill-Morgan crowd against Harriman becomes so bitter that it leads to an open and bitter railway war, destructive to both sides. There are lots of "supposes" in this business.

"Spec." Montreal: Your chances of making a profit are much better in a low-priced stock salable on Wall Street than in some mining or oil stock at the same price, which has no market where stocks are usually bought and sold. Int. Mer. Marine common, around 4, for instance, looks attractive to one who wants to dip into Wall Street merely for a gamble or speculation, and who is prepared to win or lose. The unevenness of the ocean transportation business is shown by the fact that the White Star Line, which is one of the large number that make up the Int. Mer. Marine Company, in 1900 earned over 100 per cent., and for six years earned each year half its entire capital stock. In only one year in thirty were its earnings less than 5 per cent. on the capital. Sometime, with a revival of shipping and with big profits, this great Morgan industrial enterprise may be put upon its feet. I do not say that it will, but it may, and if this common stock should be put on only a 2 per cent. basis it would sell at five or ten times its present price. There are lots of people who never think of buying a high-priced Wall Street security, but always dabble in low-priced shares, like Leather common, Ice common, Amer. Can common, picking out stocks that sell below \$10 a share, and that are not in danger of being wiped out by a receivership or an assessment. Every once in a while there is a sudden movement in some of these low-priced shares, and consequently a handsome profit in them. This is slow business and it requires patience, but it does not take much capital.

NEW YORK, July 28th, 1904.

JASPER.

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

ATTENTION is called to three new special pictorial contests in which the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are invited to engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for the finest St. Louis exposition picture reaching us by September 1st; a prize of \$10 for the most acceptable Thanksgiving Day picture coming to hand by November 1st; and a prize of \$10 for the picture, arriving by December 4th, which reveals most satisfactorily the spirit of the Christmas-tide. These contests are all attractive, and should bring out many competitors.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

A FACT significant of the way that men engaged in large enterprises regard the regular and established methods of life insurance is brought out in the recent death of one of the leading merchants of Chicago, who carried policies amounting to \$600,000 in the old-line companies of the East. Half a million of this amount was in one company, and was the largest policy ever issued to a Chicagoan. This policy was taken out, it appears, only last December, the insured man then being about fifty-two years old. "I wish to make certain," he said at the time, "that in case of sudden death my wife would be well provided for." And death did come suddenly, the result of heart disease. As the man was worth some five or six millions of dollars, the amount of his insurance was not excessive, the annual premiums amounting to almost \$20,000. The investment doubtless proved, at all events, the best the man ever made, though he was remarkably shrewd and specially fortunate in his enterprises. And what this Chicagoan did, every man ought to do, according to his ability. No investment pays so well, as a rule, as a policy in some safe and sound life company. The assessment concerns and beneficiary orders offer tempting bait, but my advice is to pass them all by. Disappointment, discouragement, loss, and ruin follow in their wake as surely as night follows day. The most tempting of them are often nothing less than downright frauds and swindles, and the best of them are as shifting and uncertain as the sands of the sea.

"L." Knoxville, Tenn.: It is not one of the largest or strongest companies, but it has a good record and ought to be satisfactory.

Geoffrey: 1. Not a very large company nor particularly strong. 2. Do not regard the special contracts as any better than those of older and better companies. 3. I know of none in this State.

"S." Far Rockaway, N. Y.: It is a very old institution, not doing a heavy business, but apparently a very safe one, and appears to be economically administered, as such institutions certainly ought to be.

The Hermit.

A Great Financial Reference Book.

THESE ARE the days of innumerable corporations, and it is frequently essential for the banker, the broker, the corporation lawyer, the investor, and even the merchant and manufacturer, to secure quick knowledge of the real character and standing of one or other of the capitalized combinations. For this purpose, perhaps the most comprehensive reference-book in the world is "Moody's Manual of Corporation Securities," 1904 edition, issued by the Moody Publishing Company, of New York. This is a volume of nearly 2,500 pages, which contains statements regarding more than eleven thousand corporations, giving statistics as to the property, the capitalization, the bonded debt, the dividends, the financial condition and earnings, the offices, plants, etc., of each corporation. Detailed and accurate information, indicating the degree of their strength and reliability, is imparted concerning steam railroad, gas and electric light, electric traction, water, telegraph, telephone and cable, industrial, commercial, mining, and oil companies, banks and trust companies in the United States and Canada, all this being of utmost value to those concerned. The volume shows a marked advance on even the excellent edition of 1903, covering as it does many matters not touched upon in previous issues. The contents are divided into eight sections, and a complete general alphabetical index and a special index arranged by cities render the volume a perfect financial reference publication. No other work of the kind covers so much ground or can be so useful to those who need to consult such a manual. The book is attractively printed and bound. Price in cloth, \$10; in full flexible leather, \$12.

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